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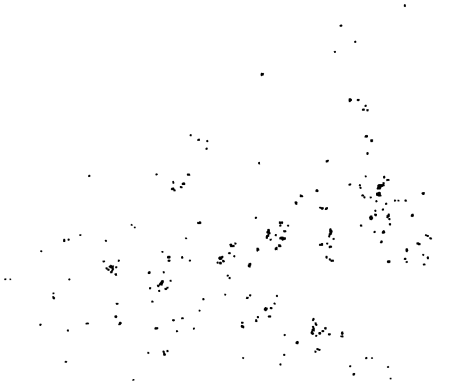
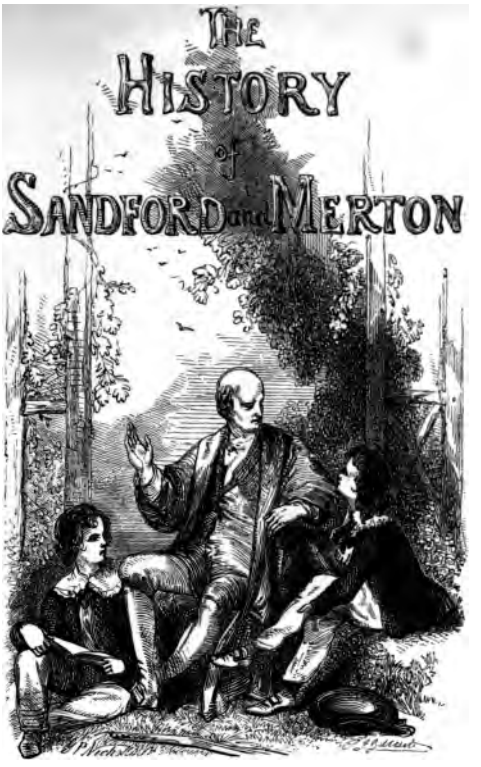
FRONTISPIECE.

Mr. Merton's present to farmer Sandford.





MR. BARLOW AND HIS PUPILS.
19

London:
R. YORKE CLARKE & Co.,
GRACECHURCH STREET.

SANDFORD AND MERTON.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

New Edition, with Cuts.

I do not know that there is upon the face of the earth a more useless, more contemptible, and more miserable animal, than a wealthy, luxurious man, without business or profession, arts, sciences, or exercises.—LORD MONBODDO.

LONDON:
ARTHUR HALL, VIRTUE, & CO.
25, PATERNOSTER ROW.
1853.

244. m. 309.

PREFACE.

All who have been conversant in tne education of very young children, have complained of the want of proper books to be put into their hands, while they are taught the elements of reading. I have felt this want, in common with others, and have been embarrassed how to supply it. The only method I could invent, was to select such passages of different books as were most adapted to their experience and understanding.

I therefore thought that it would be a valuable present to parents, were I to make a selection of such stories as might interest without corrupting the minds of children. But more attention to the subject convinced me, that, though such a selection would be highly useful, the method was still defective, as the objects would overwhelm the tender mind of a child by their variety and number, instead of being introduced according to that natural order of association, which we ought never to overlook in early education. I therefore resolved to proceed a step further, and not only to collect such stories as I thought adapted to the faculties of children, but to connect them by a continued narration; so that each story

might appear to rise naturally out of the subject, and therefore make the greater impression. To render the relation more interesting to those for whom it was intended, I have introduced two children as the actors, and have endeavoured to make them speak and behave according to the order of nature.

My ideas of morals and of human life will be sufficiently evident to those who take the trouble of reading the book; it is unnecessary either to apologize for them, or to expatiate upon the subject; but such as they are, they are the result of all my reasoning, and of all my experience. As to the language, I have endeavoured to throw into it a greater degree of elegance and orna-

ment than is usually met with in such compositions; preserving at the same time a sufficient degree of simplicity to make it intelligible to very young children, and rather choosing to be diffuse than obscure.

I have only to add, that the book is intended to form and interest the minds of children alone; it is to them I have written; it is from their applause I shall estimate my success; and if they are uninterested in the work, the praises of a hundred reviewers will not console me for my failure.

THE HISTORY

OF

SANDFORD AND MERTON.

In the western part of England lived a gentleman of great fortune, whose name was Merton. He had a large estate in the island of Jamaica, where he had passed the greater part of his life, and was master of many servants, who cultivated sugar and other valuable things for his advantage. He had an only son of whom he was excessively fond; and to educate this child properly was the reason of his determining to stay some years in England. Tommy Merton, who, at the time he came from Jamaica, was only eight

years old, was naturally a very good-natured boy, but unfortunately had been spoiled by too much indulgence. While he lived in Jamaica, he had several black servants to wait upon him, who were forbidden upon any account to contradict him. If he walked, there always went two negroes with him, one of whom carried a large umbrella to keep the sun from him, and the other was to carry him in his arms whenever he was tired. Besides this, he was always dressed in silk or laced clothes, and had a fine gilded carriage, which was borne upon men's shoulders, to ride in when he made visits to his playfellows. His mother was so excessively fond of him, that she gave him every thing he cried for, and would never let him learn to read, because he complained that it made his head ache.

The consequence of this was, that, though Master Merton had every thing he desired, he became very fretful and unhappy. Sometimes he ate sweetmeats till he made himself sick, and then he suffered a great deal of pain, because he would not take bitter physic

to make him well again. Indeed, in so delicate a manner was he brought up, that he was almost always ill; the least wind or rain gave him a cold, and the least sun was sure to throw him into a fever. Instead of playing about, and jumping, and running like other children, he was taught to sit still for fear of spoiling his clothes, and to stay in the house for fear of injuring his complexion. By this kind of education, when Master Merton came over to England, he could neither read nor write; could use none of his limbs with ease, nor bear any degree of fatigue; but, on the contrary, he was proud. fretful, ignorant, and impatient.

Very near to Mr. Merton's seat, lived a plain, honest farmer, whose name was Sandford. This man had, like Mr. Merton, an only son, not much older than Master Merton, whose name was Harry.—Harry, as he had been always accustomed to run about in the fields, to follow the labourers when they were ploughing, and to drive the sheep to their pasture, was active, strong, and hardy.

He was neither so fair, nor so delicately shaped as Master Merton; but he had an honest, good-natured countenance, and was altogether of so prepossessing a figure that every body loved him; he was never out of humour, and always took the greatest pleasure in obliging those about him. Nay, so very good natured was he in every thing, that he would never go into the field to take the eggs of poor birds or their young ones, nor practise any other kind of sport which gave pain to poor animals, who are as capable of feeling as we ourselves are, though they have no words to express their sufferings.

These good qualities made little Harry a great favourite with every body; and particularly so with the clergyman of the parish, who became so fond of him, that he taught him to read and write, and had him almost always with him. Indeed it was not surprising that Mr. Barlow (for so was the clergyman named) showed so particular an affection for him; for, besides learning every

thing that he was taught with the greatest readiness, little Harry was the most honest, obliging creature in the world. He was never discontented, nor did he ever grumble when he was desired to do any thing, but always did it with the greatest cheerfulness. And then, you might believe Harry in every thing he said; for though he could have gained a plum-cake by telling an untruth, and was sure that speaking the truth would expose him to a severe whipping, he never hesitated in declaring it. Nor was he like many other children, who place their whole happiness in eating: for give him but a morsel of dry bread for his dinner, and he would be satisfied, though you placed sweet-meats and fruit, and every other nicety, in his way.

With this little boy did Master Merton become acquainted in the following manner: —as he and the maid were walking in the fields, one fine summer's morning, diverting themselves with gathering different kinds of wild flowers, and chasing butterflies, a large

snake, on a sudden, started up from among some long grass, and coiled itself round little Tommy's leg. You may imagine the fright they were both in at this accident: the maid ran away shrieking for help, while the child, who was in an agony of terror, did not dare to stir from the place where he was standing. Harry, who happened to be walking near the place, came running up, and asked what was the matter. Tommy, who was sobbing most piteously, could not find words to tell him, but pointed to his leg, and made Harry sensible of what had happened. Harry, who though young, was a boy of a most courageous spirit, told him not to be frightened, and instantly seizing the snake by the neck, with as much dexterity as resolution, tore it from Tommy's leg, and threw it to a great distance off.

Just as Tommy was recovering his spirits, and thanking his brave little deliverer, Mrs. Merton and all the family, alarmed by the servant's cries, came running breathless to the place. Her first emotions were to catch

her darling up in her arms, and after giving him a thousand kisses, to ask him whether he had received any hurt? "No," said Tommy, "indeed I have not, mamma; but, I believe that nasty, ugly beast would have bitten me, if this little boy had not come and pulled him off."—"And who are you, my dear," said she, "to whom we are so much obliged?"—"Harry Sandford, ma'am,"—"Well, my child, you are a brave, dear little creature, and shall go home and dine with us."—"No, thank you, ma'am; my father will want me."—"Who is your father, my dear?"—"Farmer Sandford, ma'am, that lives at the bottom of the hill."—"*Farmer!*" (exclaimed Mrs. Merton, in a tone of contempt, and then, after a pause,) "Well, but my dear, you shall be *my* child, henceforth, will you?"—"If you please, ma'am—that is, if I may have my own father and mother too."

Mrs. Merton instantly despatched a servant to the farmer's to let him know where his son was; and, taking little Harry by

the hand, she led him to the mansion-house; where she found Mr. Merton, to whom she gave an account of the extent of Tommy's danger, and of Harry's bravery.

Harry was now in a new scene of life. He was taken through magnificent apartments, where every thing that could please the eye, or contribute to convenience, was assembled. He saw large looking-glasses in gilded frames, carved tables and chairs, curtains made of the finest silk, and that the very plates and knives and forks were made of silver. At dinner he was placed close to Mrs. Merton, who took care to supply him with the choicest bits, and engaged him to eat with the most endearing kindness; but to her very great astonishment, he appeared neither pleased nor surprised at any thing he saw about him. At this, she could not conceal her disappointment; for as she had always been fond of a great degree of finery herself, she expected it would make the same impression upon every body else. At last, seeing him eye a small

silver drinking cup with great attention, she asked him whether he should not like to have such a fine thing to drink out of; and added, that though it was Tommy's cup, she was sure he would give it with great pleasure to his little friend. "Yes, that I will," says Tommy, "for you know, mamma, I have a much finer one than that, made of gold, besides two large ones made of silver."—"Thank you, with all my heart," says little Harry, "but I will not rob you of it, for I have a much better one at home."—"What!" exclaimed Mrs. Merton, "does your father eat and drink out of silver?"—"Oh no, ma'am! what we drink out of at home are long things made of horn, just such as the cows wear upon their heads."—"The child is a simpleton, I think," said Mrs. Merton: "and why are those better than silver ones?"—"Because," said Harry, "they never make us uneasy."—"Make you uneasy, child! what do you mean?"—"Why, ma'am, when the man threw that great thing down,

I saw that you were much vexed, and looked very sorry about it; now, ours at home are thrown about by all the family, and nobody minds it at all."—"I protest," said Mrs. Merton to her husband, "I do not know what to say to this boy, he makes such strange observations."

The fact was, that during dinner one of the servants had thrown down a large piece of plate, which, as it was very valuable, had made Mrs. Merton not only look very uneasy, but give the man a severe scolding for his carelessness.

After dinner, Mrs. Merton filled a large glass with wine, and, giving it to Harry, bade him drink it up; but Harry, instead of doing so, thanked her, and said he was not thirsty. "But, my dear," said she, "this is very sweet and pleasant, and, as you are a good boy, you may drink it up."—"Ay! but Mr. Barlow says, ma'am, that we must only eat when we are hungry, and drink when we are thirsty; for the beasts and birds lodge in the open air,

and live upon herbs, and drink nothing but water, and yet they are strong, and active, and very healthy. And he says, too, ma'am, that we ought only to eat such things as are easily met with; otherwise we shall grow peevish and vexed when we can't get dainties."—"Upon my word," said Mr. Merton, "this little man is a great philosopher, and we should be much obliged to Mr. Barlow, if he would take our Tommy under his care; for he grows a great boy, and it is time he should know something. What say you, Tommy, should you like to be a philosopher?"—"Indeed, papa, I don't know what a philosopher is, but I should like to be a king; because he 's finer and richer than any body else, and has nothing to do, and every body waits upon him, and is afraid of him."—"Well said, my dear," said Mrs. Merton, and rose and kissed him, "and a king you deserve to be with such a spirit; and here 's a glass of wine for you, for making such a pretty answer.

And should not you like to be a king too, little Harry?"—"Indeed, ma'am, I don't know what that is; but I hope I shall soon be big enough to go to plough, and get my living; and then I shall want nobody to wait upon me."—"What a difference there is between the children of farmers and gentlemen!" whispered Mrs. Merton to her husband, looking at the same time rather contemptuously upon Harry.—"I am not sure," said Mr. Merton, "that for this time the advantage is on the side of our son. But should you not like to be rich, my dear?" said he to Harry.—"No, indeed, sir."—"No, simpleton!" said Mrs. Merton, "why not?" —"Because the only rich man I know is 'Squire Chase, one who lives hard by, and he rides among people's corn, and breaks down their hedges, and shoots their poultry, and kills their dogs, and lames the cattle, and abuses the poor, and they say he does all this because he's rich; but every body hates him, though they dare not tell him

so to his face: and I would not be hated for any thing in the world."—"But should you not like to have a fine laced coat, and a coach to carry you about, and servants to wait upon you?"—"As to that, ma'am, one coat is as good as another, if it will but keep one warm; and I don't want to ride, because I can walk wherever I choose; and as to servants, I should have nothing for them to do, if I had a hundred of them."—These observations of Harry's so surprised Mrs. Merton, that though she continued to look at him with a sort of contemptuous astonishment, she did not, after this, ask him any more questions.

In the evening little Harry was sent home to his father, who asked him what he had seen at the great house, and how he liked being there.—"Why," said Harry, "they were all very kind to me, for which I'm much obliged to them; but I had rather have been at home, for I never was so troubled in all my life, especially at dinner-time: there was one man to take away

my plate, another to give me drink, and another to stand behind my chair, just as if I had been lame or blind, and could not have waited upon myself. And then, there was so much to do with putting one thing on, and taking another off, I thought it would never have been over; and, after dinner, I was obliged to sit two whole hours without stirring, while the lady was talking to me, not as Mr. Barlow does, but wanting me to love fine clothes, and to be a king, and to be rich, I suppose that I might be hated as 'Squire Chase is."

But, in the mean time, much of the conversation at the mansion-house was employed in examining the merits of little Harry. — Mrs. Merton acknowledged his bravery and openness of temper; she was also struck with the general good-nature and benevolence of his character; but she contended there was a certain grossness and indelicacy in his ideas, which would always distinguish him from the child of a person of fashion. Mr. Merton, on the contrary,

contended that he had never before seen a child whose sentiments and disposition would do so much honour even to the most elevated situations.—Nothing, he affirmed, was more easily acquired than those external manners, and that superficial address, upon which too many of the higher classes pride themselves as their greatest, or even as their only accomplishments.

"I cannot therefore help asserting," said he, seriously, "that this little peasant has within his mind the seeds of true gentility and dignity of character; and, though I wish that our son may also possess all the common accomplishments of his rank, nothing would give me more pleasure than a certainty that he would never in any respect fall below the son of farmer Sandford.

"Should I appear more warm than usual upon this subject, (continued he,) you must pardon me, my dear, and attribute it to the interest I feel in the welfare of our little Tommy. I am but too sensible, in-

deed, we must both be so, that our fondness for him has hitherto induced us to treat him with too much indulgence; and that, while we have been studious to gratify his inclinations, and preserve him from unnecessary restraint, we have, in reality, been the means of hindering him from acquiring even the common acquisitions of his age and situation.

—"The consideration of his real interests has at length, my dear, prevailed over every other motive, and compelled me to embrace a resolution which I hope will not be disagreeable to you, — that of sending him directly to Mr. Barlow, provided he will take care of him: and I think this accidental acquaintance with young Sandford will prove very fortunate, as he is nearly of the age and size of our Tommy. I will therefore propose to the farmer, that I will for some years pay for the board and education of his little boy, that he may be a constant companion to our son.

Mr. Merton said this with a certain

degree of firmness, and the proposal was in itself so reasonable and necessary, Mrs. Merton did not make any objections to it, but consented, although very reluctantly, to part with her son. Mr. Barlow was accordingly invited to dinner next Sunday, and Mr. Merton took an opportunity of introducing the subject, and making the proposal to him; assuring him, at the same time, that though there was no return within the bounds of his fortune which he would not willingly make, yet the education and improvement of his son were objects of so much importance to him, that he should always consider himself as the obliged party.

Mr. Barlow, after thanking Mr. Merton for the confidence and liberality with which he treated him, entered into conversation with him on the subject of education in general; which conversation is not here inserted, because in the first place, very few children could understand it, so far as to judge of its importance; and, secondly, because it has no immediate connexion with

the story, excepting that the sentiments which Mr. Barlow expressed, added, if possible, to the esteem in which Mr. Merton already held that gentleman's character, and made him more than ever desirous of placing his son under the care and tuition of so able and excellent a man.

"Sir," said Mr. Merton, (when the conversation was nearly brought to a conclusion,) "I shall make no other answer to what you have now been saying, than to tell you, that I will deliver my son into your hands, upon your own conditions. And as to the terms"—"Pardon me," replied Mr. Barlow, "for interrupting you here, but it is to say, that there is one circumstance which is indispensable,—your permitting me to have the pleasure of serving you as a friend. I am contented to take your son for some months under my care, and to endeavour by every means within my power, to improve him; and should you afterwards approve of my ideas and conduct, I will keep him as long as you desire. In the mean time, as there

are, I fear, some little circumstances, which have grown up by too much tenderness and indulgence, to be altered in his character, I think that I shall possess more of the necessary influence and authority, if I for the present, appear to him and your whole family, rather in the light of a friend than that of a schoolmaster."

However disagreeable this proposal was to the generosity of Mr. Merton, he was obliged to consent to it; and little Tommy was accordingly sent the next day to the vicarage, which was at the distance of about two miles from his father's house.

The next morning after Tommy's arrival at the vicarage, as soon as breakfast was over, Mr. Barlow went with him and Harry into the garden: when they were there, Mr. Barlow, taking a spade into his own hand, and giving Harry a hoe, very industriously began to dig. "Every body that eats," said Mr. Barlow, "ought to assist in procuring food: and for that reason little Harry and I do a little work daily:

this is my bed, and that other is his; now Tommy, if you choose to join us, I will mark you out a piece of ground, which you shall have to yourself, and all the produce shall be your own." "No, indeed," answered Tommy, very sulkily, "I am a gentleman, and don't choose to slave like a plough-boy." "Just as you please, Mr. Gentleman," said Mr. Barlow, "but Harry and I, who are not above being useful, will mind our work."

After some time, Mr. B. said it was time to leave off; and taking Harry by the hand, he led him into a very pleasant summer-house, where they sat down, and Mr. Barlow taking out a plate of very fine cherries, divided them between Harry and himself. Tommy, who had followed, and expected his share, when he saw them both eating without taking any notice of him, could no longer restrain his passion, but burst into a violent fit of sobbing and crying. "What is the matter?" said Mr. Barlow very coolly to him. Tommy looked at him very sulkily

but returned no answer. "Oh! sir, if you don't choose to give an answer, you may be silent; nobody is obliged to speak here.' Tommy became still more disconcerted at this, and being unable to conceal his anger, ran out of the summer-house, and wandered very disconsolately about the garden, equally surprised and vexed to find himself in a place where nobody felt any concern whether he was pleased or not.—When all the cherries were eaten, Mr. Barlow said to Harry, "Come, we will now take a walk." They accordingly rambled out into the fields, and as they went along, Mr. Barlow directed Harry's attention to the various kinds of herbs and plants they happened to see; informing him, at the same time, of their names and different qualities.

As they were returning home, Harry saw upon the ground, a very large bird, called a kite, which seemed to be tearing something to pieces. Harry, who knew it to be one of those ravenous creatures that prey upon others, ran up to it, shouting as loud as he

could; and the bird, being frightened, flew away, and left a chicken behind him, very much hurt indeed, but still alive. "Look, sir," said Harry, "if that cruel creature has not almost killed this poor chicken! See how it bleeds and hangs its wing! I'll put it in my bosom to recover it; and carry it home, and give it part of my dinner every day till it's quite well, and able to shift for itself." "That's very right, Harry," said Mr. Barlow, "we must always protect the unfortunate."

As soon as they came home, the first care of little Harry was to put his wounded chicken into a basket with some fresh straw, some water, and some bread: after that, Mr. Barlow and he went to dinner. In the mean time, Tommy, who had been skulking about all day, very much mortified and uneasy, came in, and being very hungry, was going to sit down to table with the others: but Mr. Barlow stopped him, and said, "Stay, sir, and please to recollect, that though we are not so *very gentlemanly* as *you* are, yet we do

not choose to work for the *Idle*." Upon this, Tommy retired into a corner, crying as if his heart would break, but more from grief than passion, as he began to perceive that nobody minded his ill temper. Little Harry who could not bear to see his friend so unhappy, looked up, half crying, into Mr. Barlow's face, and said, "Pray, may I do as I please with *my* dinner?" "Yes, to be sure, child." "Why, then," said he, getting up, "I will give it to poor Tommy, who wants it much more than I do." Saying this, he gave it to him, as he sat in the corner; and Tommy took it, though he was so ashamed that he never once turned his eyes from off the ground. "I see," said Mr. Barlow, "that though gentlemen are above being of any use themselves, they are not above taking the bread that other people have been working for." This reproach caused Tommy to cry still more bitterly than before, chiefly because he was conscious of deserving it.

The next day, Mr. Barlow and Harry went to work as before; but they had scarcely

begun, when Tommy came to them, and desired that he might have a hoe too: Mr. Barlow accordingly gave him one, but as he had never handled one before, he was very awkward in the use of it, and hit himself several strokes upon the legs. Mr. Barlow then laid down his own spade, and showed him how to hold and use it; by which means, in a short time, he became very expert, and worked with the greatest pleasure. When the work was done, they all three retired to the summer-house; and Tommy felt the greatest joy imaginable when the fruit was produced, and he was invited to take a share; besides, working in the open air had given him so good an appetite, that he imagined the fruit to be the most delicious he had ever tasted.

As soon as they had done eating, Mr. Barlow took up a book, and asked Tommy if he would read them a story out of it; but he, looking a little ashamed, said, he had never learned to read. "I am sorry for it," said Mr. Barlow, "because you lose a very

great pleasure;—then, Harry shall read to you." Harry accordingly took up the book, and read the following story:—

THE GENTLEMAN AND THE BASKET MAKER.

THERE was in a distant part of the world, a rich man, who lived in a fine house, and spent his whole time in eating, drinking, sleeping, and amusing himself. As he had a great many servants to wait upon him, who treated him with the greatest respect, and did whatever they were ordered, and, as he had never been taught to tell the truth, or accustomed to hear it told, he grew very proud, insolent, and capricious: imagining that he had a right to command all the world, and that the poor were only born to serve and obey him. Near this rich man's house, there lived an honest and industrious poor man, who gained his livelihood by making little baskets out of dried reeds, which grew upon a piece of

marshy ground close to his cottage. But though he was obliged to labour from morning till night, to earn food enough to support him, and though he seldom fared better than upon dry bread, or rice, or pulse, and had no other bed than the remains of the rushes of which he made baskets, yet was he always happy, cheerful, and contented: for his labour gave him so good an appetite that the coarsest fare appeared to him delicious; and he went to bed so tired, that he would have slept soundly even on the ground. Besides this, he was a good and virtuous man, humane to every body, honest in his dealings, always accustomed to speak the truth, and therefore universally beloved.

The rich man, on the contrary, though he lay upon the softest bed, yet could not sleep, because he had passed the day in idleness; and though the nicest dishes were presented to him, yet he could not eat with any pleasure, because he did not wait till nature gave him an appetite, nor use exercise, nor go into the open air. Besides this,

as he was a great sluggard and glutton, he was almost always ill; and, as he did good to nobody, he had no friends; and even his servants spoke ill of him behind his back, and all his neighbours, whom he oppressed, hated him. For these reasons he was sullen, melancholy, and unhappy, and became displeased with all who appeared more cheerful than himself. When he was carried out in his palanquin, (a kind of bed borne upon the shoulders of men,) he frequently passed by the cottage of the poor basket maker, who was always sitting at the door, and singing as he wove his baskets. The rich man could not behold this without anger. "What," said he, "shall a wretch, a peasant, a low-born fellow that weaves bulrushes for a scanty subsistence, be always happy and pleased, while I, that am a gentleman possessed of riches and power, and of more consequence than a million of reptiles like him, am always melancholy and discontented?" This reflection arose so often in his mind, that at last he began to

feel the greatest degree of hatred towards the poor man; and as he had never been accustomed to conquer his own passions, however improper or unjust they might be, he at last determined to punish the basket maker for being happier than himself.

With this wicked design he one night gave orders to his servants, who did not dare to disobey him, to set fire to the rushes which surrounded the poor man's house. As it was summer, and the weather in that country is extremely hot, the fire soon spread over the whole marsh, and not only consumed all the rushes, but soon extended to the cottage itself, and the poor man was obliged to run out almost naked, to save his life.

You may judge of his surprise and grief when he found himself entirely deprived of his subsistence by the wickedness of his rich neighbour, whom he had never [illegible]; but as he was unable to punish his injustice, he set out and walked to the chief magistrate of that

country, to whom, with many tears, he told his pitiful case. The magistrate, who was a good and just man, immediately ordered the rich man to be brought before him; and when he found that he could not deny the wickedness of which he was accused, he thus spoke to the poor man:—

"As this proud and wicked man has been puffed up from the opinion of his own importance, and attempted to commit the most scandalous injustice from his contempt of the poor, I am willing to teach him how little value he is to any body, and how vile and contemptible a creature he really is; but for this purpose, it is necessary that you should consent to the plan I have formed, and go along with him to the place whither I intend to send you both."

The poor man said, "I never had much, but the little I once had is now lost by the mischievous disposition of this proud and oppressive man; I am entirely ruined; I have no means left in the world of procuring myself a morsel of bread the next time I

am hungry: therefore I am ready to go wherever you please to send me; and though I would not treat this man as he has treated me, yet should I rejoice to teach him more justice and humanity, and to prevent his injuring the poor a second time."

The magistrate then ordered them both to be put on board a ship, and carried to a distant country, which was inhabited by a rude and savage kind of men, who lived in huts, were strangers to riches, and got their living by fishing. As soon as they were set on shore, the sailors left them, as they had been ordered; and the inhabitants of the country came round them in great numbers. The rich man seeing himself thus exposed, without assistance or defence, in the midst of a barbarous people, whose language he did not understand, and in whose power he was, began to cry and wring his hands in the most abject manner; but the poor man, who had been always accustomed to hardships and dangers from his infancy, made signs to the people

that he was their friend, and was willing to work for them, and be their servant. Upon this, the natives made signs to them that they would do them no hurt, but would make use of their assistance in fishing and carrying wood.

Accordingly, they led them both to a wood at some distance, and showing them several logs, ordered them to transport them to their cabins. They both immediately set about their tasks, and the poor man, who was strong and active, very soon had finished his share; while the rich man, whose limbs were tender and delicate, and never accustomed to any kind of labour, had scarcely done a quarter as much. The savages who were witnesses to this, began to think that the basket maker would prove very useful to them, and therefore presented him with a large portion of fish, and several of their choicest roots; while to the rich man they gave scarcely enough to support him, because they thought him capable of being of very little service to them: however, as he had

now fasted several hours, he ate what they gave him with a better appetite than he had ever felt before at his own table.

The next day they were set to work again, and as the basket maker had the same advantage over his companion, he was highly caressed and well treated by the natives; while they showed every mark of contempt towards the other, whose delicate and luxurious habits had rendered him very unfit for labour.

The rich man now began to perceive, with how little reason he had before valued himself and despised his fellow-creatures; and an accident which happened shortly after, tended to complete his mortification. It happened that one of the savages had found something like a fillet, with which he adorned his forehead, and seemed to think himself extremely fine: the basket maker, who had perceived this appearance of vanity, pulled up some reeds, and, sitting down to work, in a very short time finished a very elegant wreath, which he placed

upon the head of the first inhabitant he chanced to meet. This man was so pleased with his new acquisition, that he danced and capered for joy, and ran away to seek the rest, who were all struck with astonishment at this new and elegant piece of finery. It was not long before another came to the basket maker, making signs that he wanted to be ornamented like his companion; and with such pleasure were these chaplets considered by the whole nation, that the basket maker was released from his former drudgery, and continually employed in weaving them. In return for the pleasure which he conferred upon them, the grateful savages brought him every kind of food which their country afforded, built him a hut, and showed him every demonstration of gratitude and kindness. But the rich man, who possessed neither talents to please, nor strength to labour, was condemned to be the basket maker's servant, and to cut him reeds to supply the continual demand for chaplets.

After they had passed some months in this manner, they were again transported to their own country, by the orders of the magistrate, and brought before him. He then looked sternly upon the rich man, and said, "Having now taught you how helpless, contemptible, and feeble a creature you are, as well as how inferior to the man you insulted, I shall proceed to make reparation to him for the injury you have inflicted upon him. Did I treat you as you deserve, I should take from you all the riches that you possess, as you wantonly deprived this poor man of his whole subsistence; but, hoping that you will become more humane for the future, I sentence you to give half your fortune to this man, whom you endeavoured to ruin."

Upon this, the basket maker, after thanking the magistrate for his goodness, said,— "I having been bred up in poverty, and accustomed to labour, have no desire to acquire riches, which I should not know how to use: all, therefore that I require

of this man, is to put me into the same situation I was in before, and to learn more humanity."

The rich man could not help being astonished at this generosity; and, having acquired wisdom by his misfortunes, not only treated the basket maker as a friend, during the rest of his life, but employed his riches in relieving the poor, and benefiting his fellow-creatures.

The story being ended, Tommy said it was very pretty; but had he been the good basket maker, he would have taken the naughty rich man's fortune and kept it. "So would not I," said Harry, "for fear of growing as proud, and wicked, and idle as the other."

From this time forward, Mr. Barlow and his two little pupils used constantly to work in their garden every morning; and when they were tired, they went and sat

in the summer-house; where little Harry, who improved every day in reading, used to entertain them with some pleasant story or other, which Tommy always listened to with the greatest pleasure. But just at this time, little Harry went home to his father for a week, and Tommy and Mr. Barlow were left to themselves. This was an occurrence, which, as we shall presently see, Tommy at first thought very unfortunate, but which in the end proved a very good thing for him.

The day after Harry's departure, when they had done work, and retired to the summer-house as usual, Tommy expected Mr. Barlow would read to him, but to his great disappointment, found that he was busy and could not. The next day the same accident occurred, and the day after that likewise. At this, Tommy lost all patience, and said to himself, "Now, if I could but read like Harry Sandford, I should not need to ask any body to do it for me, and then I could divert myself:—and why may

not I do what another has done?—To be sure, Harry is very clever, but he could not have read if he had not been taught: and, if I am taught, I dare say, I shall learn to read as well as he.—Well,—as soon as ever he comes home, I am determined to ask him about it."

The next day, little Harry returned, and as soon as Tommy had an opportunity of being alone with him, "Pray, Harry," said he, "how came you to be able to read?"—"Why," replied he, "Mr. Barlow taught me my letters, and then spelling; and then, by putting syllables together, I learned to read."—"I should be very much obliged to you," said Tommy, "if you'd show *me* my letters."—"Yes, that I will, very willingly," answered Harry: —He then took up a book, and Tommy was so eager and attentive, that at the very first lesson he learned the whole alphabet. He was greatly pleased at this first experiment, and could scarcely forbear running to Mr. Barlow to let him know the im-

provement he had made; but he thought he should surprise him more, if he said nothing about the matter till he was able to read a whole story. He therefore applied himself with such diligence, and little Harry, who spared no pains to assist his friend, was so good a master, that in about two months he determined to surprise Mr. Barlow with a display of his knowledge. Accordingly, one day, when they were all assembled in the summer-house, and the book was given to Harry, Tommy stood up and said, that if Mr. Barlow pleased, he would try to read. "Oh! very willingly," said Mr. Barlow, "but I should as soon expect you to be able to fly as to read." Tommy smiled with a consciousness of his own proficiency, and taking up the book, read, pretty fluently—

THE FLIES AND THE ANTS.

In a corner of a farmer's garden, there once happened to be a nest of ants, who

during all the fine weather of the summer, were employed all day long in drawing little seeds and grains of corn into their hole. Near them there happened to be a bed of flowers, upon which a great quantity of flies used to be always sporting, and humming, and diverting themselves by flying from one flower to another. A little boy, who was the farmer's son, used frequently to observe the different employments of these animals; and, as he was very young and ignorant, he one day thus expressed himself:—"Can any creature be so simple as these ants? All day long they are working and toiling, instead of enjoying the fine weather, and diverting themselves like these flies, who are the happiest creatures in the world." Some time after he had made this observation, the weather grew extremely cold, the sun was scarcely seen to shine, and the nights were chill and frosty. The same little boy, walking then in the garden with his father, did not see a single ant, but all the flies lay scattered up and down,

either dead or dying. As he was very good-natured, he could not help pitying the unfortunate animals, and asking, at the same time, what had happened to the ants that he used to see in the same place. The father said, "The flies are all dead, because they were careless little creatures, who gave themselves no trouble about laying up provisions, and were too idle to work; but the ants, who have been busy all the summer, in providing for their maintenance during the winter, are all alive and well; and you will see them again, as soon as the warm weather returns."

"Indeed," said Mr. Barlow, when the story was ended, "I am very glad to find, Tommy, that you have made this acquisition; you will now depend upon nobody for amusement, but can divert yourself whenever you please."

In this manner did Mr. Barlow begin the education of Tommy Merton, who had naturally a very good disposition, although he had been suffered to acquire many bad habits, that sometimes prevented it from appearing. He was, particularly, very passionate, and thought he had a right to command every body that was not dressed as fine as himself. This opinion often led him into inconveniences, and once was the occasion of his being very severely mortified. This accident happened in the following manner:—One day, as Tommy was striking a ball with his bat, he struck it over a hedge, into an adjoining field, and seeing a little ragged boy walking along on that side, he ordered him, in a very peremptory tone, to bring it to him. The little boy, without taking any notice of what was said, walked on, and left the ball; upon which, Tommy called out more loudly than before, and asked him if he did not hear what was said. "Yes," said the boy, "for the matter of that, I am not

[illegible]"—"Oh! you are not, eh?" replied Tommy; "then bring me my ball directly."

"I don't choose it," said the boy. "Sir," said Tommy, "if I come to you, I shall make you choose it."—"Perhaps not, my pretty little master," said the boy. "You little rascal!" said Tommy, who now began to be very angry, "if I come over the hedge, I'll thrash you till within an inch of your life." To this the other made no answer, but by a loud laugh, which provoked Tommy so much, that he clambered over the hedge, and jumped precipitately down, intending to have leaped into the field; but unfortunately his foot slipped, and down he rolled into a ditch that was full of mud and water. There poor Tommy tumbled about for some time, endeavouring to get out, but it was to no purpose, for his feet stuck in the mud, or slipped off from the bank: his white clothes were dirtied all over, his fine stockings were covered with mire, and his trousers filled with [illegible]ater; he also lost both his shoes,

and to add to his distress, his smart hat tumbled off his head into the mud, and was quite spoiled. In this situation he must probably have continued some time, had not the little ragged boy, whom he had used so ill, taken pity on him, and assisted in helping him out. Tommy was so vexed at seeing himself in such a dirty plight, and so ashamed of his behaviour, that he had not a single word to say for himself, and did not even thank the little boy for his assistance, but ran home as fast as he could in order to get himself cleaned.

Mr. Barlow, who saw with surprise the dirty state in which Tommy came running in, waited till he was cleaned, and then inquired of him an account of the accident which had occasioned him to make such a figure. "Why, sir," said Tommy, "my ball happened to fly over a hedge into another field, and so I told a little ragged boy, who was just by, to bring it me; but instead of doing so, he became very saucy and refused: so, sir, I said I would make

him, and I was getting into the field, when my foot slipped, and I fell into a nasty filthy ditch." "And what *right* had you to tell the little *ragged* boy to fetch your ball?" "Because, sir, *I* am a *gentleman*." "So, then, every gentleman has a right to command little ragged boys?" "To be sure, sir." "Then, if your clothes should wear out and become ragged, every person whose clothes are new will have a right to command you." Tommy, at this, looked a little foolish, and said, "But he *might* have done it as he was on that side of the hedge." "And so he probably would have done, if you had asked him civilly to do it—but perhaps you hired him with money to fetch your ball." "Indeed, sir, I did not." "Probably you had none to give him, then?" "Yes, I had, though—*all this!*" (Here Tommy ostentatiously pulled out his whole stock of pocket money, consisting of several shillings.) "But do you not think that little boy was as rich as you who are a gentleman?" "No, sir,

that I am sure he was not; for he had no coat, and his waistcoat and breeches were quite ragged; besides, he had no stockings, and his shoes were full of holes." "Pray, how did you get out of the ditch again, for I imagine from the state you appeared in, that it must have been rather difficult?" "The little ragged boy helped me out, sir." "So, now I see (said Mr. Barlow) what in your opinion constitutes a gentleman—he is a person, who, when he has abundance of every thing, keeps it all to himself; beats poor people if they don't serve him for nothing; and, when they have done him the greatest favour in spite of his insolence, never feels any gratitude, or does them any good in return."

Tommy was so affected with this rebuke, that he could hardly contain his tears, and, as he was really a boy of generous temper, he determined to give the little ragged boy something the very first time he should see him. He did not long wait for an opportunity; for, as he was walking out

that very afternoon, he saw him at some distance gathering blackberries, and going up to him, he accosted him thus: "Little boy, I want to know why you are so ragged; have you no other clothes?" 'No, indeed," said the boy; "I have seven brothers and sisters, and they are all as ragged as myself; but I should not much mind that, if I could have my belly full of victuals." *T.* And why cannot you have enough to eat? *Little Boy.* Because daddy's ill of a fever, and can't work this harvest; so that mammy says we must all starve, if God Almighty does not take care of us.—Tommy made no answer, but ran full speed to the house, whence he presently returned, loaded with a loaf of bread, and a complete suit of his own clothes. "Here, little boy," said he, "you were very good-natured to me, and so I will give you all these, because I am a gentleman, and have many more."

Nothing could equal the joy which appeared in the boy's countenance at receiving

this present, excepting what Tommy himself felt the first time at the idea of doing a generous and grateful action. He strutted away without waiting for the little boy's acknowledgments, and happening to meet Mr. Barlow, as he was returning home, told him, with an air of exultation, what he had done. Mr. Barlow coldly answered, "You have done very well in giving the little boy the clothes, because they were your own: but what right had you to give away my loaf of bread without asking my consent?"—*T.* Why, sir, I did it because the little boy said he was very hungry, and had seven brothers and sisters, and that his father was ill, and could not work.—*Mr. B.* This is a very good reason why you should give them what belongs to yourself; but not why you should give away what is another's. What would you say, if Harry were to give away all your clothes without asking your leave?—*T.* I should not like it at all; and I will not give away your things any more without asking your

leave.—"You will do well," said Mr. Barlow; "and here is a little story you may read upon this very subject."

THE STORY OF CYRUS.

Cyrus was a little boy of very good dispositions, and a very humane temper. He had several masters, who endeavoured to teach him every thing that was good, and he was educated with several little boys about his own age. One evening, his father asked him what he had done or learned that day. "Sir," said Cyrus, "I was punished to-day for deciding unjustly." —"How so?" said his father.—*Cyrus.* There were two boys, one of whom was a great and the other a little boy. Now it happened that the little boy had a coat that was much too big for him; but the great boy had one that scarcely reached below his middle, and was too tight for him in every part: upon which the great boy proposed to the little boy to change

coats with him: 'Because then,' said he, 'we shall be both exactly fitted; for your coat is as much too big for you, as mine is too little for me.' The little boy would not consent to the proposal; upon which the great boy took his coat away by force, and gave his own to the little boy in exchange. While they were disputing upon this subject, I chanced to pass by, and they agreed to make me judge of the affair. But I decided that the little boy should keep the little coat, and the great boy the great one, for which judgment my master punished me. — "Why so?" said Cyrus's father; "was not the little coat most proper for the little boy, and the large coat for the great boy?" — "Yes, sir," answered Cyrus; "but my master told me I was not made judge to examine which coat best fitted either of the boys, but to decide whether it was just that the great boy should take away the coat of the little one against his consent; and therefore I decided unjustly, and deserved to be punished."

Just as the story was finished, they were surprised to see a little ragged boy come running up to them, with a bundle of clothes under his arm: his eyes were black as if he had been severely beaten, his nose was swelled, his shirt was bloody, and his waistcoat did but just hang upon his back, so much was it torn. He came running up to Tommy, and threw down the bundle before him, saying, "Here, master, take your clothes again, and I wish that they had been at the bottom of the ditch I pulled you out of, instead of upon my back; but I never will put such frippery on again as long as I have breath in my body."

"What is the matter?" said Mr. Barlow, who perceived that some unfortunate accident had happened in consequence of Tommy's present.—"Sir," answered the little boy, "my little master here was going to beat me, because I would not fetch his ball. Now, as to the matter of that, I would have brought his ball with all my heart, if he had but asked me civilly. But though I

am poor, I am not bound to be his slave, and so I would not: upon which little master here was jumping over the hedge to beat me; but instead of that, he soused into the ditch, and there he lay rolling about till I helped him out. And so he gave me these clothes here, all out of good will, and I put them on, like a fool as I was; for they are all made of silk, and look so fine that all the little boys followed me, and hallooed as I went; and Jack Dowset threw a handful of dirt at me, and dirtied me all over. 'Oh!" says I, 'Jackey, are you at that work?—and with that I hit him a blow, and sent him roaring away. But Billy Gibson and Ned Kelly came up, and said I looked like a Frenchman: and so we began fighting, and I beat them till they both gave in: but I don't choose to be hallooed after whereever I go, and to look like a Frenchman, and so I have brought master his clothes again."

Mr. Barlow asked the little boy where

his father lived; and he told him that his father lived about two miles off, across the common, upon which Mr. Barlow told Harry that he would send the poor man some broth and victuals, if he would carry it when it was ready. "That I will," said Harry, "if it were five times as far." So Mr. Barlow went into the house to give orders about it. In the mean time Tommy, who had eyed the little boy for some time in silence, said, "So, my poor boy, you have been beaten and hurt till you are all over bloody, only because I gave you my clothes; I am really very sorry for it."—"Thank you, little master," said the boy, "but it can't be helped: you did not intend me any hurt, I know, and I am not such a chicken as to mind a beating: so I wish you a good afternoon with all my heart." As soon as the little boy was gone, Tommy said, "I wish I had but some clothes that the poor boy could wear, for he seems very good-natured; I would give them to him."—"That

you may very easily have," said Harry, "for there is a shop in the village, where they sell all manner of clothes for the poor people; and, as you have money, you may easily buy some."

Harry and Tommy then agreed to go early the next morning to buy some clothes for the poor children. They accordingly set out to the village before breakfast; and, when they arrived there, Tommy laid out the whole of his money, amounting to fifteen shillings and sixpence, for that purpose. When the things which Tommy had bought were made up in a bundle and given to him, he desired Harry to carry them for him. "That I will," said Harry; "but why don't you choose to carry them yourself?"—*T.* Why, it is not fit for a gentleman to carry things himself.—*H.* Why, what hurt does it do him, if he is but strong enough?—*T.* I do not know; but I believe it is that he may not look like the common people.—*H.* Then he should not have hands, or feet, or eyes, or ears, or mouth, because the

common people have the same.—*T.* No, no, he must have all these, because they are useful.—*H.* And is it not useful to be able to do things for ourselves?—*T.* Yes, but gentlemen have others to do what they want for them.—*H.* Then I should think it must be a bad thing to be a gentleman.—*T.* Why so?—*H.* Because if all were gentlemen nobody would do any thing, and then we should all be starved.—*T.* Starved!—*H.* Yes; why you could not live, could you, without bread?—*T.* No, I know that very well.—*H.* And bread is made of a plant that grows in the earth, and is called wheat. —*T.* Why then I would gather it, and eat it.—*H.* Then you must do something for yourself: but that would not do, for wheat is a small hard grain, like the oats which you have sometimes given to Mr. Barlow's horse: and you would not like to eat them. —*T.* No, certainly; but how comes bread then?—*H.* Why they send the corn to the mill.—*T.* What is a mill?—*H.* What, did you never see a mill?—*T.* No, never, but

I should like to see one, that I may know how they make bread.—*H.* There is one at a little distance, and if you ask Mr. Barlow, he will go with you, for he knows the miller very well.—*T.* That I will, for I should like to see them make bread.

As it was not far out of their way, they agreed to call at the poor man's cottage, whom they found much better, as Mr. Barlow had been there the preceding night, and given him such medicines as he judged proper for his disease. Tommy then asked for the little boy, and upon his coming in, told him he had now brought him some clothes which he might wear without the fear of being called a Frenchman, as well as some more for his little brothers. The pleasure with which they were received was so great, and the acknowledgments and blessings of the good woman and the poor man, who had just began to sit up, were so many, that little Tommy could not help shedding tears of compassion, in which he was joined by Harry. As they were returning, Tommy

said that he had never spent any money with so much pleasure, as that with which he purchased clothes for this poor family; and that, for the future, he would take care of all the money that was given him, for that purpose, instead of laying it out in eatables and playthings.

Some few days after this, as Mr. Barlow and the two boys were walking out together, they happened to pass near a windmill; and, upon Harry's telling Tommy what it was, Tommy desired leave to go into it and look at it. This Mr. Barlow consented to, and being acquainted with the miller, they all went in, and examined every part of it with great curiosity; and there little Tommy saw with astonishment, that the sails of the mill being continually turned round by the wind, moved a great flat stone, which, by rubbing upon another stone, bruised all the corn that was put between them, till it became a fine powder. "Oh! dear," said Tommy, "is this the way they make bread?" Mr. Barlow told him this was the method by

which the corn was prepared for making bread; but that many other things were necessary before it arrived at that state. You see that what runs from these mill-stones is only a fine powder, very different from bread, which is a solid and tolerably hard substance.

As they were going home, Harry said to Tommy, "So you see now that if nobody chose to work or do any thing for himself we should have no bread to eat. But you could not even have the corn to make it of, without a great deal of pains and labour."—"Why not?" said Tommy; "does not corn grow in the ground, of itself?"—*H.* Corn grows in the ground, but then first it is necessary to plough the ground, to break it to pieces.—*T.* What's ploughing?—*H.* Did you never see three or four horses drawing something along the field in a straight line, while one man drove, and another walked behind, holding the thing by two handles?—*T.* Yes, I have; and is that ploughing?—*H.* It is; and there is a sharp

iron underneath, which runs into the ground, and turns it up, all the way it goes.—*T.* Well, and what then?—*H.* When the ground is thus prepared, they sow the seed all over it, and then they rake it over to cover the seed, and then the seed begins to grow, and shoots up very high, and at last the corn ripens, and they reap it and carry it home.—*T.* I protest it must be very curious, and I should like to sow some seed myself, and see it grow; do you think I could?—*H.* Yes, certainly, and if you will dig the ground to-morrow, I will go home to my father in order to procure some seed for you.

The next morning Tommy was up almost as soon as it was light, and went to work in a corner of the garden, where he dug with great perseverance till breakfast; to which he had just sat down, when Harry came in from his father's, and brought with him the chicken, which, it has been mentioned, he had saved from the claws of the kite. The little animal was now perfectly recovered of the hurt it had received, and

showed so great a degree of affection to its protector, that it would run after him like a dog, hop upon his shoulder, nestle in his bosom, and eat crumbs out of his hand. Tommy was extremely surprised and pleased to remark its tameness and docility, and asked by what means it had been made so gentle. Harry told him, he had taken no particular pains about it; but that, as the poor little creature had been sadly hurt, he had fed it every day till it was well; and that, in consequence of that kindness, it had conceived a great degree of affection towards him. "Indeed," said Tommy, "that is very surprising: for I thought all birds had flown away whenever a man came near them; and that even the fowls that are kept at home would never let you touch them."—*Mr. B.* And what do you imagine is the reason of that?—*T.* Because they are wild.—*Mr. B.* And what is a fowl's being wild?—*T.* When he will not let you come near him.—*Mr. B.* Then a fowl is wild because he will not let you come near him; and will not let you

come near him because he is wild. This is saying nothing more than that when a fowl is wild, he will not let you approach him. But I want to know what is the reason of his being wild.—*T.* Indeed, sir, I cannot tell, unless it is because they are naturally so.—*Mr. B.* But if they were naturally so, this fowl could not be fond of Harry.—*T.* That is because he is so good to it.—*Mr. B.* Very likely; then it is not natural for an animal to run away from a person that is good to him.—*T.* No, Sir, I believe not.—*Mr. B.* But when a person is not good to him, or endeavours to hurt him, it is natural for an animal to run away from him, is it not?—*T.* Yes.—*Mr. B.* And then you say that he is wild, do you not?—*T.* Yes, sir.—*Mr. B.* Why then it is probable that animals are only wild because they are afraid of being hurt, and that they only run away from the fear of danger. I believe you would do the same from a lion or a tiger.—*T.* Indeed I would, sir.—*Mr. B.* And yet you do not call yourself a wild animal.—Tommy laughed

neartily at this, and said, No.—Therefore, (said Mr. Barlow,) if you want to tame animals you must be good to them and treat them kindly, and then they will no longer fear you, but come to you and love you.—*H.* Indeed, that is very true: for I knew a little boy that took a great fancy to a snake that lived in his father's garden; and when he had his milk for breakfast, he used to sit under a nut-tree and whistle, and the snake would come to him and eat out of his bowl.—*T.* And did it not bite him?—*H.* No; he sometimes used to give it a pat with his spoon, if it ate too fast, but it never hurt him.

Tommy was much pleased with this conversation; and being both good-natured, and desirous of making experiments, he determined to try his skill in taming animals. Accordingly, he took a large slice of bread in his hand, and went out to seek some animal that he might give it to. The first thing that he happened to meet was a sucking pig, that had rambled away from its

mother, and was basking in the sun. Tommy would not neglect the opportunity of showing his talents; he therefore called, "Pig, pig, pig, come hither little pig!" But the pig, who did not exactly comprehend his intentions, only grunted and ran away. "You little ungrateful thing," said Tommy, "do you treat me in this manner, when I want to feed you? If you do not know your friends, I must teach you." Saying this, he sprang at the pig, and caught him by the hind leg, intending to have given him the bread which he had in his hand; but the pig, who was not used to be treated in that manner, began struggling and squeaking to that degree that the sow, who was within hearing, came running to the place, with all the rest of the litter at her heels. As Tommy did not know whether she would be pleased with his civilities to her young one, or not, he thought it most prudent to let it go; and the pig, endeavouring to escape as speedily as possible, unfortunately ran between his legs, and threw him down. The

place where this accident happened was extremely wet; therefore Tommy, in falling, dirtied himself from head to foot, and the sow, who came up at that instant, passed over him as he attempted to rise, and rolled him back again into the mire. Tommy, who was not the coolest in his temper, was extremely provoked at this ungrateful return for his intended kindness, and losing all patience, he seized the sow by the hind leg, and began pommelling her with all his might, as she attempted to escape. The sow, as may be imagined, did not relish such treatment, but endeavoured with all her force to escape: but Tommy keeping his hold, and continuing his discipline, she struggled with such violence as to drag him several yards, squeaking in the most lamentable manner all the time, in which she was joined by the whole litter of pigs. During the heat of this contest, a large flock of geese happened to be crossing the road, into the midst of which the affrighted sow ran headlong, dragging the enraged Tommy at

her heels. The goslings retreated with the greatest precipitation, joining their mournful cackling to the general noise: but a gander of more than common size and courage, resenting the unprovoked attack which had been made upon his family, flew at Tommy's hinder parts, and gave him several severe strokes with his bill. Tommy, whose courage had hitherto been unconquerable, being thus unexpectedly attacked by a new enemy, was obliged to give up the contest; and not knowing the precise extent of his danger, he not only suffered the sow to escape, but joined his vociferations to the general scream. This alarmed Mr. Barlow, who coming up to the place, found his pupil in the most woeful plight, daubed from head to foot, with his face and hands as black as those of any chimney-sweeper. He inquired what was the matter, and Tommy, as soon as he had recovered breath enough to speak, answered in this manner—" Sir, all this is owing to what you told me about taming animals. I wanted to make them tame and

gentle, and to love me, and you see the consequences."—"Indeed," said Mr. Barlow, "I see you have been very ill-treated, but I hope you are not hurt; and if it is owing to any thing I have said, I shall feel the more concern."—"No," said Tommy, "I cannot say that I am much hurt."—"Why then," said Mr. Barlow, "you had better go and wash yourself; and when you are clean, we will talk over the affair."

When Tommy had returned, Mr. Barlow asked him how the accident happened; and when he had heard the story, he said: "I am very sorry for your misfortune, but I do not perceive that I was the cause of it: for I do not remember that I ever advised you to catch pigs by the hinder legs."

T. No, sir; but you told me that feeding animals was the way to make them love me, and so I wanted to feed the pig.—*Mr. B.* But it was not my fault that you attempted it in a wrong manner. The animal did not know your intentions, and therefore when you seized him in so violent a manner, he

naturally attempted to escape; and his mother, hearing his cries, very naturally came to his assistance. All that happened was owing to your inexperience. Before you meddle with any animal you should make yourself acquainted with his nature and disposition; otherwise, you may fare like the little boy, that, in attempting to catch flies, was stung by a wasp, or, like another, that seeing an adder sleeping upon a bank, took it for an eel, and was bitten by it, which had nearly cost him his life.—*T.* But, sir, I thought Harry had mentioned a little boy that used to feed a snake without receiving any hurt from it.—*Mr. B.* That might very well happen: there is scarcely any creature that will do hurt without it is attacked or wants food, and some of these reptiles are entirely harmless, others not; therefore the best way is not to meddle with any thing till you are perfectly acquainted with its nature. Had you observed this rule, you never would have attempted to catch the pig by the hinder leg, in order to tame it.

The next day, Tommy and Harry sowed in the garden the wheat which Harry had brought from his father's, upon a bed which Tommy had dug for that purpose.

Mr. Barlow then came to call them in to read, and told Tommy, that, as he had been talking so much about good-nature to animals, he had looked him out a very pretty story upon the subject, and begged that he would read it well. "That I will," said Tommy; "for I begin to like reading extremely: and I think I am happier too since I learned it; for now I can always divert myself."—"Indeed," answered Mr. Barlow, "most people find it so. When any one can read, he will not find the knowledge any burden to him; and it is his own fault if he is not constantly amused. This is an advantage, Tommy, which a gentleman, since you are so fond of the word, may more particularly enjoy, because he has so much time at his own disposal. And it is much better that he should distinguish himself by having more knowledge and improvement

than others, than by fine clothes, or any such trifles, which any one may have that can purchase them, as well as himself.' Tommy then read, with a clear and distinct voice, the following story of

THE GOOD-NATURED LITTLE BOY.

A LITTLE boy went out, one morning, to walk to a village about five miles from the place where he lived, and carried with him, in a basket, the provision that was to serve him the whole day. As he was walking along, a poor little half-starved dog came up to him, wagging his tail, and seemed to entreat him to take compassion on him. The little boy at first took no notice of him, but at length remarked how lean and famished the creature seemed to be, he said, "This animal is certainly in very great necessity: if I give him part of my provision, I shall be obliged to go home hungry myself; however, as he seems to want it more than I do, he shall partake with me." Saying this,

he gave the dog part of what he had in his basket, who ate as if he had not tasted victuals for a fortnight. The little boy went on a little further, the dog still following him, and fawning upon him with the greatest gratitude and affection, when he saw a poor old horse lying upon the ground, and groaning as if he was very ill: he went up to him, and saw that he was almost starved, and so weak that he was unable to rise. "I am very much afraid," said the little boy, "if I stay to assist this horse, that it will be dark before I can return, and I have heard there are several thieves in the neighbourhood: however, I will try; it is doing a good action to attempt to relieve him, and God Almighty will take care of me." He then went and gathered some grass, which he brought to the horse's mouth, who immediately began to eat with as much relish as if his chief disease was hunger. He then fetched some water in his hat, which the animal drank up, and seemed immediately to be so much refreshed, that,

after a few trials, he got up, and began grazing. He then went on a little further, and saw a man wading about in a pond of water, without being able to get out of it, in spite of all his endeavours. "What is the matter, good man?" said the little boy to him; "can't you find your way out of this pond?"—"No, God bless you, my worthy master, or miss," said the man; "for such I take you to be by your voice: I have fallen into this pond, and know not how to get out again, as I am quite blind, and I am almost afraid to move, for fear of being drowned." "Well," said the little boy, "though I shall be wetted to the skin, if you will throw me your stick, I will try to help you out of it."

The blind man then threw the stick to that side on which he heard the voice; the little boy caught it, and went into the water, feeling very carefully before him lest he should unguardedly go beyond his depth: at length he reached the blind man, took him very carefully by the hand, and

led him out. The blind man then gave him a thousand blessings, and told him he would grope out his way home, and the little boy ran on as hard as he could, to prevent being benighted. But he had not proceeded far before he saw a poor sailor, that had lost both his legs in an engagement by sea, hopping along upon crutches. "God bless you, my little master," said the sailor; "I have fought many a battle with the French to defend poor Old England, but now I am crippled, as you see, and have neither victuals nor money, so that I am almost famished."

The little boy could not resist his inclination to relieve him, so he gave him all his remaining victuals, and said, "God help you, poor man! this is all I have, otherwise you should have more." He then ran along, and presently arrived at the town he was going to, did his business, and returned towards his home, with all the expedition he was able. But he had not gone much more than half way,

before the night shut in extremely dark, without either moon or stars to light him. The poor little boy did all he was able to find his way, but unfortunately missed it in turning down a lane which brought him into a wood, where he wandered about a great while without being able to find any path to lead him out. Tired out at last and hungry, he felt himself so feeble, that he could go no farther, but sat himself down upon the ground, crying most bitterly. In this situation he remained for some time, till at last the little dog, who had never forsaken him, came up to him, wagging his tail, and holding something in his mouth. The little boy took it from him, and saw it was a handkerchief nicely pinned together, which somebody had dropped, and the dog had picked it up: and, upon opening it, he found several slices of bread and meat, which the little boy ate with great satisfaction, and felt himself extremely refreshed with his meal. "So," said the little boy, "I see that if

I have given you a breakfast, you have given me a supper, and a good turn is never lost, done even to a dog." He then once more attempted to escape from the wood, but it was to no purpose; he only scratched his legs with briars, and slipped down in the dirt, without being able to find his way out. He was just going to give up all further attempts in despair, when he happened to see a horse feeding before him, and going up to him, saw, by the light of the moon, which just then began to shine a little, that it was the very same he had fed in the morning. "Perhaps," said the little boy, "this creature, as I have been so good to him, will let me get upon his back, and he may bring me out of the wood, as he is accustomed to feed in this neighbourhood." The little boy then went up to the horse, speaking to him and stroking him, and the horse let him mount his back without opposition; and then proceeded slowly through the wood, grazing as he went, till he brought him to an opening which led to the high

road. The little boy was much rejoiced at this, and said, "If I had not saved this creature's life in the morning, I should have been obliged to stay here all night; I see by this, that a good turn is never lost."

But the poor little boy had yet a greater danger to undergo; for, as he was going along a solitary lane, two men rushed out upon him, laid hold of him, and were going to strip him of his clothes; but just as they were beginning to do it, the little dog bit the leg of one of the men with so much violence, that he left the little boy, and pursued the dog, that ran howling and barking away. In this instant a voice was heard, that cried out, "There the rascals are, let us knock them down!" which frightened the remaining man so much, that he ran away, and his companion followed him. The little boy then looked up, and saw that it was the sailor, whom he had relieved in the morning, carried upon the shoulders of the blind man whom he had helped out of the pond. "There, my little dear," said

the sailor, "God be thanked! we have come in time to do you a service, in return for what you did for us in the morning. As I lay under a hedge, I heard these villains talk of robbing a little boy, who, from the description, I concluded must be you; but I was so lame, that I should not have been able to come time enough to help you, if I had not met this honest blind man, who took me upon his back, while I showed him the way."

The little boy thanked them very gratefully for thus defending him, and they went altogether to his father's house, which was not far off, where they were all kindly entertained with a supper and a bed. The little boy took care of his faithful dog as long as he lived, and never forgot the importance and necessity of doing good to others, if we wish them to do the same to us.

Upon my word," said Tommy, when he had finished, "I am vastly pleased with this

story; and I think that it may very likely be true; for I have observed myself, that every thing seems to love little Harry here, merely because he is good-natured to it. I was quite surprised to see the great dog the other day, which I have never dared to touch, for fear of being bitten, fawning and gamboling about him, quite pleased." "That dog," said Mr. Barlow, "will be equally fond of you, if you are kind to him; for nothing equals the gratitude and sagacity of a dog. But since you have read a story about a good-natured boy, Harry shall read you another, concerning a boy of a contrary disposition." Harry then read the following story of

THE ILL-NATURED BOY.

THERE was once a little boy who was so unfortunate as to have a very bad man for his father, who was always surly and ill-tempered, and never gave his children either good instruction or good example: in con-

sequence of which, this little boy, who might otherwise have been happier and better, became ill-natured, quarrelsome, and disagreeable to every body. He very often was severely beaten by boys that were bigger than himself for his impertinence, and sometimes by boys that were less; for, though he was very abusive and quarrelsome, he did not much like fighting, and generally trusted more to his heels than his courage, when he had engaged himself in a quarrel. This little boy had a cur dog that was the exact image of himself: he was the most troublesome, surly creature imaginable, always barking at the heels of every horse he came near, and worrying every sheep he could meet with; for which reason both the dog and the boy were disliked by all the neighbourhood.

One morning his father got up early to go to the ale-house, where he intended to stay till night, as it was a holiday; but before he went out, he gave his son some bread and cold meat, and sixpence, and told

him that he might go and divert himself as he would, the whole day. The little boy was very much pleased with this liberty; and as it was a very fine morning, he called his dog Tiger to follow him, and began his walk. He had not proceeded far before he met a little boy, who was driving a flock of sheep towards a gate, that he wanted to enter. "Pray, master," said the little boy, "stand still and keep your dog close to you, for fear you frighten my sheep."—"Oh! yes, to be sure," answered the ill-natured little boy: "I am to wait here all the morning, till you and your sheep have passed, I suppose! Here, Tiger, seize them, boy!' Tiger at this sprang forth into the middle of the flock, barking and biting on every side, and the sheep, in a general consternation, hurried each a separate way. Tiger seemed to enjoy this sport equally with his master; but in the midst of his triumph, he happened unguardedly to attack an old ram that had more courage than the rest of the flock: he instead of running away, faced

about, and aimed a blow with his forehead at his enemy, with so much force and dexterity, that he knocked Tiger over and over, and butting him several times when he was down, obliged him to limp howling away. The ill-natured little boy, who was not capable of loving any thing, had been very much diverted with the trepidation of the sheep but now he laughed heartily at the misfortune of his dog; and he would have laughed much longer, had not the other little boy, provoked beyond his patience at this treatment, thrown a stone at him, which hit him full upon the temples, and almost knocked him down. He immediately began to cry, in concert with his dog, and perceiving a man coming towards them, whom he fancied might be the owner of the sheep, he thought it most prudent to escape as speedily as possible. But he had scarcely recovered from the smart which the blow had occasioned, before his former mischievous disposition returned, which he determined to gratify to the utmost.

He had not gone far, before he saw a little girl standing by a stile with a large jug of milk at her feet. "Pray," said the little girl, "help me up with this jug of milk: my mother sent me out to fetch it this morning, and I have brought it above a mile upon my head; but I am so tired, that I have been obliged to stop at this stile to rest me; and if I don't return home presently, we shall have no pudding to-day, and besides my mother will be very angry with me."—"What!" said the boy, "you are to have a pudding to-day, are you, miss?"—"Yes," said the girl, "and a fine piece of roast beef; for there's uncle Will, and uncle John, and grandfather, and all my cousins, to dine with us; and we shall be very merry in the evening, I can assure you: so, pray, help me up, as speedily as possible." "That I will, miss," said the boy, and taking up the jug, he pretended to fix it upon her head; but just as she had hold of it, he gave it a little push, as if he had stumbled, and overturned it upon her. The little girl

began to cry violently; but the mischievous boy ran away laughing heartily, and saying, "Good bye, little miss; give my humble service to uncle Will, and grandfather, and the dear little cousins."

This prank encouraged him very much; for he thought that now he had certainly escaped without any bad consequences: so he went on, applauding his own ingenuity, and came to a green, where several little boys were at play. He desired leave to play with them, which they allowed him to do. But he could not be contented long, without exerting his evil disposition; so taking an opportunity when it was his turn to fling the ball, instead of flinging it the way he ought to have done, he threw it into a deep muddy ditch: the little boys ran in a great hurry to see what was become of it, and as they were standing all together upon the brink, he gave the outermost boy a violent push against his neighbour, which sent them both into the ditch together. They soon scrambled out, although in a

dirty plight, and were going to have punished him for his ill behaviour; but he patted Tiger upon his back, who began snarling and growling in such a manner as made them desist. Thus this little mischievous boy escaped a second time with impunity.

The next thing that he met with was a poor donkey feeding very quietly in a ditch. The little boy, seeing that nobody was within sight, thought this was an opportunity of plaguing an animal, that was not to be lost; so he went and cut a large bunch of thorns, which he contrived to fix to the poor beast's tail, and then setting Tiger at him, he was extremely diverted to see the fright and agony the creature was in. But it did not fare so well with Tiger, who, while he was baying and biting the animal's heels, received so severe a kick on his head, as laid him dead upon the spot. The boy, who had some affection for his dog, left him with concern, when he saw what had happened, and finding himself hungry, sat down by the

way-side to eat his dinner. He had not been long there, before a blind man came groping his way out with a couple of sticks. "Good morning to you, gaffer," said the boy; "pray did you see a little girl come this road, with a basket of eggs upon her head, dressed in a green gown, with a straw hat upon her head?" "God bless you, master," said the beggar, "I am so blind, that I can see nothing: I have been so these twenty years, and they call me poor, old, blind Richard." Though this poor man was such an object of charity and compassion, yet the little boy determined, as usual, to play him some trick; and, as he did not fear to tell a lie, he spoke to him thus: "Poor old Richard! I am heartily sorry for you: I am just eating my dinner, and if you will sit down by me, I will give you part, and feed you myself." "Thank you with all my heart," said the poor man, "and if you will give me your hand, I will sit by you with great pleasure, my dear, good little master." The little

boy then gave him his hand, and, pretending to direct him, guided him to sit down in a large heap of wet dung that lay by the road side. "There," said he, "now you are nicely seated, and I will feed you." So taking a little in his fingers, he was going to put it into the blind man's mouth. But the man, who now perceived the trick that had been played, made a sudden snap at his fingers, and getting them between his teeth, bit them so severely, that the wicked boy roared out for mercy, and promised never more to be guilty of such wickedness. At last the blind man, after he had put him to very severe pain, consented to let him go, saying as he went, "Are you not ashamed, you little scoundrel, to attempt to do hurt to those who have never injured you, and to want to add to the sufferings of those who are already sufficiently miserable? Although you escape now, be assured, that, if you do not repent and mend your ways, you will meet with a severe punishment for your bad [illegible]aviour."

One would think, that this punishment should have cured him entirely of this mischievous disposition; but, unfortunately, nothing is so difficult to overcome as bad habits that have been long indulged. As he walked on, he saw a lame beggar, who just made a shift to support himself by the means of a couple of sticks. The beggar asked him to give him something, and the little mischievous boy, pulling out his sixpence, threw it down just before him, as if he intended to make him a present of it; but while the poor man was stooping with difficulty to pick it up, this wicked little boy knocked the stick away, by which means the beggar fell down upon his face, and then, snatching up the sixpence, he ran away laughing very heartily at the accident.

This was the last trick this little ungracious boy had it in his power to play; for seeing two men come up to the beggar, and enter into discourse with him, he was afraid of being pursued, and therefore ran as fast as he was able over several fields. At last

he came into a lane which led to a farmer's orchard, and as he was preparing to clamber over a fence, a large dog seized him by the leg, and held him fast. He cried out in an agony of terror, which brought the farmer out, who called the dog off, but seized him very roughly, saying, "So! sir, you are caught at last, are you? You thought you might come, day after day, and steal my apples, without detection; but it seems you are mistaken, and now you shall receive the punishment you have so richly deserved."

The farmer then began to chastise him very severely with a whip he had in his hand, and the boy in vain protested he was innocent, and begged for mercy. At last the farmer asked him who he was, and where he lived; but when he had heard his name, he cried out, "What! are you the little rascal that frightened my sheep this morning, by which means several of them are lost? and do you think to escape?" Saying this, he lashed him more severely than before, in spite of all his cries and protestations. At

length, thinking he had punished him enough, he turnd him out of the orchard, bade him go home, and frighten sheep again if he liked the consequences. The little boy slunk away crying very bitterly, for he had been very severely beaten, and now began to find that no one can long hurt others with impunity: so he determined to go quietly home, and behave better for the future.

But his sufferings were not yet at an end; for as he jumped down from a stile, he felt himself very roughly seized, and, looking up, found that he was in the power of the lame beggar whom he had thrown upon his face. It was in vain that he now cried, entreated, and begged pardon: the man, who had been much hurt by his fall, thrashed him very severely with his stick, before he would part with him. He now again went on crying and roaring with pain, but at least expected to escape without farther damage. But here he was mistaken; for as he was walking slowly through a lane, just as he turned a corner, he found himself in the

middle of the very troop of boys that he had used so ill in the morning. They all set up a shout as soon as they saw their enemy in their power without his dog, and began persecuting him in a thousand various ways. Some pulled him by the hair, others pinched him; some whipped his legs with their handkerchiefs, while others covered him with handfuls of dirt. In vain did he attempt to escape: they were still at his heels, and surrounding him on every side, continued their persecutions. At length, while he was in this disagreeable situation, he happened to come up to the same donkey he had seen in the morning, and, making a sudden spring, jumped upon his back, hoping by these means to escape. The boys immediately renewed their shouts, and the ass who was frightened at the noise, began galloping with all his might, and presently bore him from the reach of his enemies. But he had little reason to rejoice at this escape; for he found it impossible to stop the animal, and was every instant afraid of being thrown off,

and dashed upon the ground. After he had been thus hurried along a considerable time, the ass on a sudden stopped short at the door of a cottage, and began kicking and prancing with so much fury, that the little boy was presently thrown to the ground, and broke his leg in the fall. His cries immediately brought the family out, among whom was the very little girl he had used ill in the morning. But she, with the greatest good-nature seeing him in such a pitiable situation, assisted in bringing him in, and laying him upon the bed. There this unfortunate boy had leisure to recollect himself, and reflect upon his own bad behaviour, which in one day's time had exposed him to such a variety of misfortunes; and he determined with great sincerity, that if ever he recovered from his present accident, he would be as careful to take every opportunity of doing good, as he had before been to commit every species of mischief.

When the story was ended Tommy said it was very surprising to see how differently the two little boys fared. The one little boy was good-natured, and therefore every thing he met became his friend, and assisted him in return; the other one, who was ill-natured, made every thing his enemy, and therefore he met with nothing but misfortunes and vexations, and nobody seemed to feel any compassion for him, excepting the poor little girl that assisted him at last, which was very kind indeed of her, considering how ill she had been used.

"That is very true, indeed," said Mr. Barlow, "nobody can expect to be loved in this world unless he loves others and does good to them; and nobody can tell but one time or other he may want the assistance of the meanest and lowest. Therefore, a sensible man will behave well to every one around him; he will behave well, because it is his duty to do it, because a benevolent person feels the greatest

pleasure in doing good, and even because it is his own interest to make as many friends as possible. No one can tell however secure his present situation may appear, how soon it may alter, and he may have occasion for the compassion of those who are now infinitely below him."

"Pray, sir," said Tommy, when they had done reading, "may I ask a favour of you?"—"Surely," answered Mr. Barlow; "if it is proper for you to have, there is nothing can give me a greater pleasure than to grant it."—"Why, then," said Tommy, "I have been thinking that a man should know how to do every thing in this world."—*Mr. B.* Very right: the more knowledge he acquires, the better.—*T.* And therefore Harry and I are going to build a house.—*Mr. B.* To build a house! Well, and have you laid in a sufficient quantity of bricks and mortar?" "No, no," said Tommy, smiling, "Harry and I can build houses without bricks and mortar."—*Mr. B.* What are they to be

made of then? cards?—"Dear sir," answered Tommy, "do you think we are such little children as to want card houses? No, we are going to build a real house, fit for people to live in."—*Mr. B.* What is it then you want to make your house? —*T.* The first thing we want, sir, is wood, and a hatchet.—*Mr. B.* Wood you shall have in plenty; but did you ever use a hatchet?—*T.* No, sir.—*Mr. B.* Then I am afraid to let you have one, because it is a very dangerous kind of tool; and if you are not expert in the use of it, you may wound yourself severely. But if you will let me know what you want, I, who am stronger and more expert, will take the hatchet and cut down the wood for you.—"Thank you, sir," said Tommy: "you are very good to me indeed."—And away Harry and he ran to the copse at the bottom of the garden. Mr. Barlow went to work, and presently, by Harry's direction, cut down several poles, about as thick as a man's wrist, and about eight

Mr. Barlow assisting Tommy and Harry to build a house.

feet long: these he sharpened at the end in order to run into the ground; and so eager were the two little boys at the business, that in a very short time they had transported them all to the bottom of the garden, and Tommy entirely forgot he was a gentleman, and worked with the greatest eagerness. "Now," said Mr. Barlow, "where will you fix your house?" "Here," answered Tommy, "I think, just at the bottom of this hill, because it will be warm and sheltered." So Harry took the stakes, and began to thrust them into the ground at about the distance of a foot: and in this manner he enclosed a bit of ground which was about ten feet long and eight feet wide, leaving an opening in the middle, of three feet wide, for a door. After this was done, they gathered up the brushwood that was cut off, and by Harry's direction they inter wove it between the poles, in such a manner as to form a compact kind of fence. This labour, as may be imagined,

took them up several days; however, they worked at it very hard every day, and every day the work advanced, which filled Tommy's heart with so much pleasure, that he thought himself the happiest little boy in the world.

One day, when they went into the garden to resume the building of their house, they found to their unspeakable regret, that, during their absence, an accident had happened, which had entirely destroyed all their labours. A violent storm of wind and rain had risen that morning, which, blowing full against the walls of their newly constructed house, had levelled it with the ground. Tommy could scarcely refrain from crying when he saw the ruins lying round; but Harry, who bore the loss with more composure, told him not to mind it, for it could be easily repaired, and they would build it stronger the next time. Harry then went up to the spot, and after examining it for some time, told Tommy that he believed he had found out the

reason of their misfortune. "What is it?" said Tommy. "Why," said Harry, "it is only because we did not drive these stakes, which are to bear the whole weight of our house, far enough into the ground: and, therefore, when the wind blew against the flat side of it with so much violence, it could not resist. And now I remember to have seen the workmen, when they begin a building, dig a considerable way into the ground, to lay the foundation fast; and I should think, that if we drove these stakes a great way into the ground, it would produce the same effect, and we should have nothing to fear from any future storms."

Mr. Barlow then came into the garden, and the two boys showed him their misfortune, and asked him whether he did not think that driving the stakes farther in would prevent such an accident for the future? Mr. Barlow told them, he thought it would; and that, as they were too short to reach the top of the stakes, he would

assist them. He then went and brought a wooden mallet, with which he struck the top of the stakes, and drove them so fast into the ground, that there was no longer any danger of their being shaken by the weather. Harry and Tommy then applied themselves with so much assiduity to their work, that they in a very short time had repaired all the damage, and advanced it as far as it had been before. The next thing that was necessary to be done, was putting on a roof; for hitherto they had constructed nothing but the walls. For this purpose they took several other long poles, which they laid across their building where it was narrowest; and upon these they placed straw in considerable quantities, so that now they imagined they had constructed a house that would completely screen them from the weather. But in this, unfortunately, they were again mistaken; for a very violent shower of rain coming, just as they had finished their building, they took shelter

under it, and remarked for some time, with infinite pleasure, how dry and comfortable it kept them; but at last the straw that covered it being completely soaked through, and the water having no vent to run off, by reason of the flatness of the roof, the rain began to penetrate in considerable quantities. For some time Harry and Tommy bore the inconveniency; but it increased so much, that they were soon obliged to yield to it, and seek for shelter in the house. When they were thus secured, they began again to consider the affair of the house, and Tommy said that it surely must be because they had not put straw enough upon it. "No," said Harry, "I think that cannot be the reason; I rather imagine that it must be owing to our roof lying so flat: for I have observed, that all houses that I have ever seen, have their roofs in a shelving position, by which means the wet continually runs off from them, and falls to the ground; whereas, ours being quite flat, detained

almost all the rain that fell upon it, which must necessarily soak deeper and deeper into the straw, till it penetrated quite through." They therefore agreed to remedy this defect, and for this purpose they took several poles of an equal length, the one end of which they fastened to the side of their house, and let the other two ends meet in the middle, by which means they formed a roof, exactly like that which we commonly see upon buildings. They also took several other poles, which they tied across the others, to keep them firm in their places, and give the roof additional strength. And, lastly, they covered the whole with straw or thatch, and, for fear the thatch should be blown away, they stuck several pegs in different places, and put small pieces of stick crosswise, from peg to peg, to keep the straw in its place. When this was done, they found they had a very tolerable house; only the sides, being formed of brushwood alone, did not sufficiently exclude the wind. To remedy

this inconvenience, Harry, who was chief architect, procured some clay, and mixed it up with water, to render it sufficiently soft, he daubed it all over the walls, both within and without, by which means the wind was excluded, and the house rendered much warmer than before.

Some time had now elapsed since the seeds of the wheat were sown, and they began to shoot so vigorously, that the blade of the corn appeared green above the ground, and increased every day in strength. Tommy went to look at it every morning, and remarked its gradual increase with the greatest satisfaction. "Now," said he to Harry, "I think we should soon be able to live, if we were on a desert island. Here is a house to shelter us from the weather, and we shall soon have some corn for food."—"Yes," answered Harry, "but there are a great many things still wanting to enable us to make bread."

Mr. Barlow had a very large garden,

and an orchard full of the finest fruit trees; and he had another bit of ground where he used to sow seeds in order to raise trees; and then they were carefully planted out in beds, till they were big enough to be moved into the orchard, and produce fruit. Tommy had often eaten of the fruit of the orchard, and thought it delicious; and this led him to think that it would be a great improvement to their house, if he had a few trees which he might set near it, and which would shelter it from the sun, and hereafter produce fruit: so he begged Mr. Barlow to give him a couple of trees, and Mr. Barlow told him to go into the nursery and take his choice. Accordingly, Tommy went and chose out two of the strongest-looking trees he could find, which, with Harry's assistance, he transplanted into the garden in the following manner. They both took their spades, and very carefully dug up the trees without injuring their roots. Then they dug two large holes in the

place where they chose the trees should stand, and very carefully broke the earth to pieces, that it might lie light upon the roots: then the tree was placed in the middle of the hole, and Tommy held it upright, while Harry gently threw the earth over the roots, which he trod down with his feet, in order to cover them well: lastly, he stuck a large stake in the ground, and tied the tree to it, from the fear that the coming wintry wind might injure it, or perhaps entirely blow it out of the ground. Nor did their attention stop here. There was a little spring of water which burst forth from the upper ground in the garden, and ran down the side of the hill in a small stream. Harry and Tommy laboured very hard for several days to form a new channel, to lead the water near the roots of the trees; for it happened to be hot and dry weather, and they feared their trees might perish from want of moisture. Mr. Barlow saw them employed in this manner with the greatest

satisfaction. He told them, that in many parts of the world, the excessive heat burned up the ground so much that nothing would grow, unless the soil was watered in that manner. There is a country in particular, called Egypt, which has always been famous for its fertility, and for the quantity of corn which grows in it, which is naturally watered in the following extraordinary manner. There is a great river called the Nile, which flows through the whole extent of the country; the river, at a particular time of the year, begins to overflow its banks; and as the whole country is flat, it very soon covers it all with its waters. These waters remain in this situation several weeks, before they are entirely drained off; and when that happens, they leave the soil so rich, that every thing that is planted in it flourishes, and produces with the greatest abundance.

It happened about this time, that Tommy and Harry rose early one morning, and went to take a long walk before breakfast, as they

used frequently to do: they rambled so far, that at last they both found themselves tired, and sat down under a hedge to rest. While they were there, a very clean and decently-dressed woman passed by, who seeing two little boys sitting by themselves, stopped to look at them; and after considering them attentively, she said, "You seem, my little dears, to be either tired, or to have lost your way." "No," said Harry, "madam, we have not lost our way; but we have walked further than usual this morning, and we wait here a little while to rest ourselves." "Well," said the woman, "if you will come into my little house, that you see a few yards further on, you may sit more comfortably; and, as my daughter has by this time milked the cows, she shall give you a mess of bread and milk." Tommy, who was by this time extremely hungry as well as tired, told Harry that he should like to accept the good woman's invitation; so they both followed her to a small but clean-looking

farm-house, which stood at a little distance. Here they entered a very clean kitchen, furnished with plain but convenient furniture, and were desired to sit down by a warm and comfortable fire, which was made of turf. Tommy, who had never seen such a fire, could not help inquiring about it: and the good woman told him, that poor people like her were unable to purchase coals; "and therefore," said she, "we go and pare the surface of the common, which is full of grass, and heath, and other vegetables, with their roots all matted together; these we dry in small pieces, by leaving them exposed to the summer's sun; and then we bring them home and put them under the cover of a shed, and use them for our fires." "But," said Tommy, "I should think that you would hardly have fire enough by these means to dress your dinner; for I have by accident been in my father's kitchen when they were dressing the dinner, and I saw a fire that blazed up to a great

height." The poor woman smiled at this, and said, "Your father, I suppose, master, is some rich man who has a great deal of victuals to dress; but we poor people must be more easily contented." "Why," said Tommy, "you must at least want to roast meat every day." "No," said the poor woman, "we seldom see roast meat in our house; but we are very well contented, if we can have a bit of fat pork every day, boiled in a pot of turnips; and we bless God that we fare so well: for there are many poor souls that are as good as we, that can scarcely get a morsel of dry bread."

As they were conversing in this manner, Tommy happened to cast his eyes on one side, and saw a room that was almost filled with apples. "Pray," said he, "what can you do with all these apples? I should think you would never be able to eat them, though you were to eat nothing else." "That is very true," said the woman; "but we make cider of them." "What!"

cried Tommy, "are you able to make that sweet pleasant liquor that they call cider; and is it made of apples?" *Woman.* Yes, indeed it is. *Tommy.* And pray how is it made? *Woman.* We take the apples when they are ripe, and squeeze them in a machine we have for that purpose. Then we take the pulp and put it into large hair bags, which we press in a great press till all the juice runs out. *Tommy.* And is this juice cider? *Woman.* You shall taste, little master, as you seem so curious.

She then led him into another room, where there was a great tub full of the juice of apples, and taking some up in a cup, she desired him to taste whether it was cider. Tommy tasted, and said it was very sweet and pleasant, but not cider. "Well," said the woman, "let us try another cask." She then took some liquor out of another barrel, which she gave him; and Tommy, when he had tasted it, said that it really was cider. "But, pray,"

said he, "what do you do to the apple-juice to make it into cider?" *Woman.* Nothing at all. *T.* How then should it become cider? for I am sure what you gave me at first is not cider. *Woman.* Why, we put the juice into a large cask, and let it stand in some warm place, where it soon begins to ferment. *T.* Ferment! pray what is that? *Woman.* You shall see. She then showed him another cask, and bid him observe the liquor that was in it. This he did, and saw it was covered all over with a thick scum and froth. *T.* And is this what you call fermentation? *Woman.* Yes, master. *T.* And what is the reason of it? *Woman.* That I do not know indeed; but when we have pressed the juice out, as I told you, we put it into a cask, and let it stand in some warm place, and in a short time it begins to work or ferment of itself, as you see; and after this fermentation has continued some time, it acquires the taste and properties of cider; and then we draw it off into casks and sell it, or else keep it for our own use. And I am told this is the

manner in which they make wine in other countries. *T.* What! is wine made of apples then? *Woman.* No, master; wine is made of grapes, but they squeeze the juice out, and treat it in the same manner as we do the juice of the apples. *T.* I declare this is very curious indeed. Then cider is nothing but wine made of apples.

While they were conversing in this manner, a clean little girl came and brought Tommy an earthen porringer full of new milk, with a large slice of brown bread. Tommy took it, and ate it with so good a relish, that he thought he had never made a better breakfast in his life.

When Harry and he had eaten their breakfast, Tommy told him it was time they should go home; so he thanked the good woman for her kindness, and putting his hand into his pocket, pulled out a shilling which he desired her to accept. "No, God bless you, my little dear," said the woman; "I would not take a farthing of you for the world. What, though my hus-

band and I are poor, yet we are able to get our living by our labour, and give a mess of milk to a traveller, without hurting ourselves." Tommy thanked her again, and was just going away, when a couple of surly-looking men came in, and asked the woman if her name was Tosset. "Yes, it is," said the woman; "I have never been ashamed of it." "Why then," said one of the men, pulling a paper out of his pocket, "here is an execution against you, on the part of Mr. Richard Gruff; and if your husband does not instantly discharge the debt, with interest and all costs, amounting altogether to the sum of thirty-nine pounds ten shillings, we shall take an inventory of all you have, and proceed to sell it by auction for the discharge of the debt." "Indeed," said the poor woman, looking a little confused, "this must certainly be a mistake; for I never heard of Mr. Richard Gruff in all my life, nor do I believe that my husband owes a farthing in the world, unless to his landlord; and I know that he has almost made up half-

a-year's rent for him: so that I do not think he would go to trouble a poor man." "No, no, mistress," said the man, shaking his head; "we know our business too well to make these kinds of mistakes: but when your husband comes in, we'll talk with him; in the mean time we must go on with our inventory." The two men then went into the next room; and, immediately after, a stout, comely-looking man, with a good humoured countenance, came in, and asked if his breakfast was ready. "Oh! my poor, dear William," said the woman, "here is a sad breakfast for you; but I think it cannot be true that you owe any thing; so what the fellows told me must be false about Richard Gruff." At this name the man instantly started, and his countenance, which was before ruddy, became pale as a sheet. "Surely," said the woman, "it cannot be true, that you owe forty pounds to Richard Gruff." "Alas!" answered the man, "I do not know the exact sum; but, when your brother Peter failed, and his creditors

Farmer Tosset and his family in trouble.

seized all that he had, this Richard Gruff was going to send him to jail, had not I agreed to be bound for him, which enabled him to go to sea: he indeed promised to remit his wages to me, to prevent my getting into any trouble upon that account; but you know it is now three years since he went, and in all that time we have heard nothing about him." "Then," said the woman, bursting into tears, "you and all your poor dear children are ruined for my ungrateful brother; for here are two bailiffs in the house, who are come to take possession of all you have, and to sell it." At this the man's face became red as scarlet; and seizing an old sword which hung over the chimney, he cried out, "No, it shall not be —I will die first—I will make these villains know what it is to make honest men desperate." He then drew the sword, and was going out in a fit of madness, which might have proved fatal either to himself or to the bailiffs: but his wife flung herself upon her knees before him, and catching hold of his

legs, besought him to be more composed. "Oh! for Heaven's sake," said she, "my dear, dear husband, consider what you are doing! You can do neither me nor your children any service by this violence; instead of that, should you be so unfortunate as to kill either of these men, would it not be murder? And would not our lot be a thousand times harder than it is at present?" This remonstrance seemed to have some effect upon the farmer; his children, too, although too young to understand the cause of all this confusion, gathered round him, and hung about him, sobbing in concert with their mother. Little Harry, too, although a stranger to the poor man before, yet with the tenderest sympathy took him by the hand, and bathed it with his tears. At length, softened and overcome by the sorrows of those he loved so well, and by his own cooler reflections, he resigned the fatal instrument, and sat himself down upon a chair, covering his face with his hands, and only saying, "The will of God be done!"

Tommy had beheld this affecting scene with the greatest attention, although he had not said a word; and now, beckoning Harry away, he went silently out of the house, and took the road which led to Mr. Barlow's. While he was upon the way, he seemed to be so full of the scene which he had just witnessed, that he did not open his lips; but when he came home, he instantly went to Mr. Barlow, and desired that he would directly send him to his father's. Mr. Barlow stared at the request, and asked him what was the occasion of his being so suddenly tired with his residence at the vicarage? "Sir," answered Tommy, "I am not in the least tired, I can assure you; you have been extremely kind to me, and I shall always remember it with the greatest gratitude; but I want to see my father immediately, and I am sure, when you come to know the occasion, you will not disapprove of it."—Mr. Barlow did not press him any further, but ordered a careful servant to saddle a horse directly, and take Tommy home before him.

Mr. and Mrs. Merton were extremely surprised and overjoyed at the sight of their son, who thus unexpectedly arrived at home: but Tommy, whose mind was full of the project which he had formed, as soon as he had answered their first questions, accosted his father thus: "Pray, dear Papa, will you be angry with me, if I ask you for a great favour?" "No, surely," said Mr. Merton, "that I will not." "Why, then," said Tommy, "I have often heard you say that you were very rich, and that if I was good, I should be rich, too; now, will you give me some money?" "Money!" said Mr. Merton, "yes, to be sure; how much do you want?" "Why," said Tommy, "I want a very large sum indeed." "Perhaps a guinea," answered Mr. Merton. *Tommy.* No, papa, a great deal more—a great many guineas. *Mr. Merton.* Let us see, however. *T.* Why, papa, I want at least forty pounds. "Surely," exclaimed Mrs. Merton, "Mr. Barlow must have taught him to be ten times more extravagant than he was before."

Tommy. Indeed, mamma, Mr. Barlow knows nothing about the matter. "But," said Mr. Merton, "what can such an urchin as you want with such a large sum of money?" "Papa," answered Tommy, "that is a secret; but I am sure, when you come to hear it, you will approve of the use I intend to make of it." *Mr. Merton.* That I very much doubt. "But," replied Tommy, "if you please you may let me have this money, and I will pay you again by degrees." *Mr. Merton.* How will you ever be able to pay me such a sum? *T.* Why, papa, you know you are so kind as frequently to give me new clothes and pocket-money; now, if you will only let me have this money, I will neither want new clothes, nor any thing else, till I have made it up. *Mr. Merton.* But what can such a child as you want with all this money? *T.* Pray wait a few days, and you shall know; and if I make a bad use of it, never believe me again as long as I live. Mr. Merton was extremely struck with the earnestness with which his son persevered in

his demand; and as he was both very rich and very liberal, he determined to hazard the experiment, and comply with his request. He accordingly went and fetched him the money which he asked, and put it into his hands, telling him at the same time, that he expected to be acquainted with the use he put it to, and that if he was not satisfied with the account, he would never trust him again. Tommy appeared in ecstasies at the confidence which was reposed in him; and, after thanking his father for his extraordinary goodness, he desired leave to go back again with Mr. Barlow's servant. When he arrived at Mr. Barlow's his first care was to beg Harry to accompany him again to the farmer's house. Thither the two little boys went with the greatest expedition; and, upon their entering the house, found the unhappy family in the same situation as before. But Tommy who had hitherto suppressed his feelings, finding himself now enabled to execute the project he had formed, went up to the good woman of the house,

who sat sobbing in a corner of the room, and taking her gently by the hand, said, "My good woman, you were very kind to me in the morning, and therefore I am determined to be kind to you in return." "God bless you, my little master," said the woman, "you were very welcome to what you had; but you are not able to do any thing to relieve our distress." "How do you know that?" said Tommy; "perhaps I can do more for you than you imagine." "Alas!" answered the woman, "I believe you would do all you could; but all our goods will be seized and sold, unless we can immediately raise the sum of forty pounds; and that is impossible, for we have no earthly friend to assist us: therefore, my poor babes and I must soon be turned out of doors, and God alone can keep them from starving." Tommy's little heart was too much affected to keep the woman longer in suspense; therefore, pulling out his bag of money, he poured it into her lap, saying, "Here, my good woman, take this, and pay your debts, and God bless you and

your children!" It is impossible to express the surprise of the poor woman at the sight: she stared wildly round her, and upon her little benefactor, and clasping her hands together, in an agony of gratitude and feeling, she fell back in her chair with a kind of convulsive motion. Her husband, who was in the next room, seeing her in this condition, ran up to her, and catching her in his arms, asked her, with the greatest tenderness, what was the matter: but she, springing on a sudden from his embraces, threw herself upon her knees before the little boy, sobbing and blessing, with a broken, inarticulate voice. The husband, who did not know what had happened, imagined that his wife had lost her senses; and the little children, who had before been skulking about the room, ran up to their mother, pulling her by the gown, and hiding their faces in her bosom. But the woman, at sight of them, seemed to recollect herself, and cried out, "My little darlings, you must all have been starved without the assistance

of this sweet boy; why do you not join with me in blessing and thanking him?" At this the husband said, "Surely, Mary, you must have lost your senses. What can this young gentleman do for us to prevent our wretched babes from perishing?" "Oh!" said the woman, "William, I am not mad, though I may appear so; but look here, William, look what Providence has sent us by the hands of this little angel, and then wonder that I should be wild." Saying this, she held up the money, and at the sight her husband looked as wild and astonished as she. But Tommy went up to the man, and taking him by the hand, said, "My good friend, you are very welcome to this; I freely give it you, and I hope it will enable you to pay what you owe, and to preserve these poor little children." But the man, who had before appeared to bear his misfortunes with silent dignity, now burst into tears, and sobbed like his wife and children. But Tommy, who now began to be pained with this excess of gratitude, went silently

out of the house, followed by Harry, and, before the poor family perceived what was become of him, was out of sight.

It was customary with Mr. Merton to send and fetch his son Tommy home, every Saturday, and the next day after the occurrence of this circumstance being Saturday, the horses and servants came as usual for that purpose. When he arrived at home, he was received with the greatest joy and tenderness by his parents; but though he gave them an account of every thing else that had happened, he did not say a word about the money he had given to the farmer. But the next day being Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. Merton and Tommy went together to the parish church; which they had scarcely entered, when a general whisper ran through the whole congregation, and all eyes were in an instant turned upon the little boy. Mr. and Mrs. Merton were very much astonished at this, but they forbore to inquire till the end of the service: then, as they were going out of church together, Mr.

Merton asked his son what could be the reason of the general attention he excited at his entrance into church. Tommy had no time to answer, for at that instant a very decent-looking woman ran up and threw herself at his feet, calling him her guardian angel and preserver, and praying that Heaven would shower down upon his head all the blessings which he deserved. It was some time before Mr. and Mrs. Merton could comprehend the nature of this extraordinary scene: but when they at length understood the secret of their son's generosity, they seemed to be scarcely less affected than the woman herself; and shedding tears of transport and affection, they embraced their child, without attending to the crowd that surrounded them; but immediately recollecting themselves, they took their leave of the poor woman, and hurried to their coach with such sensations as it is more easy to conceive than to describe.

The summer had now completely passed away, while Tommy was receiving these

advantages at the house of Mr. Barlow. In the course of this time, both his body and mind had acquired additional vigour; for he was neither so fretful and humorsome, nor so easily affected by the vicissitudes of the season.

And now the winter had set in with unusual severity. The water was all frozen into a solid mass of ice; the earth was bare of food; and the little birds that used to hop about and chirp with gladness, seemed to lament in silence the inclemency of the weather:—indeed, so severely cold was the season, as to hinder the little boys from walking out as it was customary for them to do. One day, however, when the weather appeared brighter than it had been for some time, a great deal of the snow having worn away, though the frost and cold continued, they determined to take a walk. Insensibly they wandered so far that they scarcely knew their way, and therefore resolved to return as speedily as possible; but, unfortunately, in [illegible] through a wood, they entirely

missed the track and lost themselves. To add to their distress, the wind began to blow most bitterly from the north, and a violent shower of snow coming on, obliged them to seek the thickest shelter they could find. They happened fortunately to be near an aged oak, whose inside gradually decaying, was worn away by time, and afforded an ample opening to shelter them from the storm. Into this the two little boys crept safely, and endeavoured to keep each other warm, while a violent shower of snow and sleet fell all around, and gradually covered the earth. Tommy, who had been little used to hardship, bore it for some time with fortitude, and without uttering a complaint. At length a sense of hunger and fear took entire possession of his mind, and turning to Harry with watery eyes and a mournful voice, he asked him what they should do. "Do?" said Harry; "we must wait here I think, till the weather clears up a little, and then we will endeavour to find our way home."

TOMMY. But what if the weather should not clear up at all?

HARRY. In that case we must either endeavour to find our way through the snow, or stay here, where we are so conveniently sheltered.

TOMMY. But oh! what a dreadful thing it is to be here all alone in this dreary wood! And then I am so hungry and so cold: oh! that we had but a little fire to warm us!

HARRY. I have heard that shipwrecked persons, when they have been cast away upon a desert coast, have made a fire to warm themselves by rubbing two pieces of wood together till they caught fire; or, here is a better thing; I have a large knife in my pocket, and if I could but find a piece of flint, I could easily strike fire with the back of it.

Harry then searched about, and with some little difficulty found a couple of flints, as the ground was nearly hidden with snow. He then took the flints, and striking one upon the other, with all his force, he shivered

them into several pieces; out of these he chose the thinnest and sharpest, and told Tommy with a smile, that he believed that would do. He then took the flint, and striking it several times against the back of his knife produced sparks of fire.—"This," said Harry, "will be sufficient to light a fire, if we can but find something of a sufficiently combustible nature to kindle from these sparks." He then collected all the driest leaves he could find, with little decayed pieces of wood, and piling them into a heap, endeavoured to kindle a blaze by the sparks which he continually struck from his knife and the flint, but it was in vain; the leaves were not of a sufficiently combustible nature, and while he wearied himself fruitlessly, they were not at all the more advanced. Tommy, who beheld the ill success of his friend, began to be more and more terrified, and in despair asked Harry again what they should do. Harry answered, that, as they had failed in their attempt to warm themselves, the best thing they

could do, was to endeavour to find their way home, more especially as the snow had now ceased, and the sky was become much clearer. This Tommy consented to, and with infinite difficulty they began their march; for, as the snow had completely covered every track, and the day-light began to fail, they wandered at random through a vast and pathless wood. At every step which Tommy took, he sunk almost to his knees in snow; the wind was bleak and cold, and it was with difficulty that Harry could prevail upon him to continue his journey. At length, however, as they pursued their toilsome way, they came to some lighted embers, which either some labourers, or some wandering passengers, had lately quitted, and which were yet unextinguished. "See," said Harry, with joy, "see what a happy thing is this! Here is a fire ready lighted for us, which needs only the assistance of a little wood to make it burn." Harry then again collected all the dry pieces he could find, and piled them upon the embers, which in

a few moments began to blaze, and diffused a cheerful warmth. Tommy then began to warm and chafe his almost frozen limbs over the fire with great delight; at length he could not help observing to Harry, that he never could have believed that a few dried sticks could have been of so much consequence to him. "Ah!" answered Harry, "Master Tommy, you have been brought up in such a manner, that you never knew what it was to want any thing. But that is not the case with thousands of people. I have seen many poor children that have neither bread to eat, fire to warm, nor clothes to cover them. Only think, then, what a disagreeable situation they must be in: yet they are so accustomed to hardship, that they do not cry in a twelvemonth as much as you have done within this quarter of an hour."

"Why," answered Tommy, a little disconcerted at the observation of his crying, "it cannot be expected that gentlemen should be able to bear all these inconveniences as well as the poor."—"Why not?"

answered Harry: "is not a gentleman as much a man as the poor man can be? And, if he is a man, should he not accustom himself to support every thing that his fellow creatures do?"

TOMMY. That is very true.—But he will have all the conveniences of life provided for him; victuals to eat, a good bed, and fire to warm him.

HARRY. But he is not sure of having all these things as long as he lives.—Besides, I have often observed the gentlemen and ladies in our neighbourhood riding about in coaches, and covered from head to foot, yet shaking with the least breath of air as if they all had agues; while the children of the poor run about barefooted upon the ice, and divert themselves with making snowballs.

TOMMY. That is indeed true; for I have seen my mother's visitors sitting over the warmest fire that could be made, and complaining of cold, while the labourers out of doors were stripped to their shirts to work, never minded it in the least.

HARRY. Then I should think that exercise, by which a person can warm himself when he pleases, is infinitely a better thing than all these conveniences you speak of; because, after all, they will not hinder a person from being cold, but exercise will warm him effectually.

TOMMY. But then it is not proper for gentlemen to do the same kind of work as the common people.

HARRY. But is it not proper for a gentleman to have his body stout and hardy?

TOMMY. To be sure it is.

HARRY. Why then he must sometimes labour and use his limbs, or else he will never be able to do it.

TOMMY. What, cannot a person be strong without working?

HARRY. You can judge for yourself. You very often have fine young gentlemen at your father's house, and are any of them as strong as the sons of the farmers in the neighbourhood, that are always used to handle a hoe, a spade, a fork, and other tools?

TOMMY. Indeed, I believe that is true, for I think I have become stronger myself, since I have learned to work in Mr. Barlow's garden.

As they were conversing in this manner, a little boy came singing along, with a bundle of sticks at his back, and as soon as Harry saw him he recollected him, and cried out, "Why, here is Jacky Smithers, the little ragged boy that you gave the clothes to in the summer; he lives, I dare say, in the neighbourhood, and either he or his father will now show you the way home." Harry then spoke to the boy, and asked him if he could show them the way out of the wood. "Yes, surely I can," answered the boy, "but I never should have thought of seeing Master Merton out so late, in such a night as this. But if you will come with me to my father's cottage, you may warm yourselves at our fire, and father will run to Mr. Barlow to let him know you are safe." Tommy accepted the offer with joy, and the little boy led them out of the

wood, and in a few minutes they came to a small cottage which stood by the side of the road. When they entered they saw a middle-aged woman busy spinning; the eldest girl was cooking some broth over the fire; the father was sitting in the chimney-corner, and reading a book, while three or four ragged children were tumbling upon the floor, and creeping between their father's legs. "Daddy," says the little boy, as he came in, "here is Master Merton, that was so good to us all in the summer. He has lost his way in the wood, and is almost perished in the snow." The man upon this arose, and with much civility desired the two little boys to seat themselves by the fire, while the good woman ran to fetch a fagot, which she threw upon the fire, and created a cheerful blaze in an instant. "There my dear little master," said she, "you may at least refresh yourself a little by our fire, and I wish I had any thing to offer you that you could eat. But I am afraid you will never be able to bear such coarse brown bread as we poor

folks are obliged to eat."—"Indeed," said Tommy, "my good woman, I have fasted so long, and am so hungry, that I think I could eat any thing."—"Well, then," answered the woman, "here is a little bit of gammon of bacon which I will broil for you upon the embers, and if you can make a supper, you are heartily welcome."

While the good woman was thus preparing supper, the man had closed his book, and placed it with great respect upon a shelf; which gave Tommy the curiosity to ask him what he was reading about. "Master," answered the man, "I am reading the book which teaches me my duty towards man, and my obligations to God; I was reading the Gospel of Jesus Christ, when you came in."

Tommy. Indeed, I have heard of that good book: Mr. Barlow has often read part of it to me, and promised I should read it myself. That is the book they read at church; I have often heard Mr. Barlow read it to the people; and he always reads it so well and so affectingly, that every body

listens, and you may almost hear a pin drop upon the pavement.

COTTAGER. Yes, master, Mr. Barlow is a worthy servant and follower of Jesus Christ himself. He is the friend of all the poor in the neighbourhood. He gives us food and medicines when we are ill; he employs us when we can find no work. But what we are even more obliged to him for, than the giving us food and raiment, is, that he instructs us in our duty, makes us ashamed of our faults, and teaches us how we may be happy not only here, but in another world. I was once an idle, abandoned man myself, given up to swearing and drinking, neglecting my family, and taking no thought for my poor wife and children. But since Mr. Barlow has taught me better things, and made me acquainted with this blessed book, my life and manners, I hope, are much amended, and I do my duty better to my poor family."

"That indeed you do, Robin," answered the woman; "there is not now a better and

kinder husband in the world; you have not wasted a penny, or spent an idle hour, these two years; and but for that unfortunate fever, which prevented you from working last harvest, we should have the greatest reason to be all contented."

"Have we not the greatest reason, now," answered the man, "to be not only contented, but thankful for all the blessings we enjoy? It is true, that I and several of the children were ill this year for many weeks: but did not we all escape, through the blessing of God, and the care of good Mr. Barlow, and this worthy Master Sandford, who brought us victuals so many days with his own hands, when we otherwise should perhaps have starved! Have I not had very good employment ever since, and do I not now earn twelve shillings a week, which is a very comfortable thing, when many poor wretches, as good as I, are starving because they cannot find employment."

"Twelve shillings a-week! twelve shillings a-week!" answered Tommy in amaze-

ment; "and is that all that you and your wife and children have to live on for a whole week?"

COTTAGER. Not all, master; my wife sometimes earns a shilling or eighteen-pence a-week by spinning; and our eldest daughter begins to do something in that way, but not much.

TOMMY. That makes thirteen shillings and sixpence a-week. Why, I have known my mother give more than that to go to a place where outlandish people sing. I have seen her and other ladies give a man a guinea for dressing their hair. And I know a little Miss, whose father gives half-a-guinea a time to a little Frenchman, that teaches her to jump and caper about the room.

"Master," replied the man, smiling, "these are great gentlefolks that you are talking about; they are very rich, and have a right to do what they please with their own. It is the duty of us poor folks to labour hard, take what we can get, and thank

the great and wise God that our condition is no worse."

TOMMY. What, and is it possible that you can thank God for living in such a house as this, and earning thirteen shillings and sixpence a-week?

COTTAGER. To be sure I can, master. Is it not an act of His goodness that we have clothes and a warm house to shelter us, and wholesome food to eat? It was but yesterday that two poor men came by who had been cast away in a storm, and lost their ship and all they had. One of these poor men had scarcely any clothes to cover him, and was shaking all over with a violent ague, and the other had his toes almost mortified by walking barefooted in the snow. Am I not a great deal better off than these poor men, and, perhaps, than a thousand others, who are at this time tost about upon the waves, or shipwrecked, or wandering about the world, without a shed to cover them from the weather, or imprisoned for

debt? Might I not have gone on in committing bad actions, like many other unhappy men, till I had been guilty of some notorious crime, which might have brought me to a shameful end? And ought I not to be grateful for all these blessings, which I possess without deserving them?

Tommy, who had hitherto enjoyed all the good things of this life without reflecting from whom he had received them, was very much struck with the piety of this honest and contented man; but as he was going to answer, the good woman, who had laid a clean though coarse cloth upon her table, and taken up her savoury supper in an earthen plate, invited them to sit down, an invitation which both the boys obeyed with the greatest pleasure, as they had eaten nothing since dinner. In the mean time the honest man of the house had taken his hat, and walked to Mr. Barlow's to inform him that his two pupils were safe in the neighbourhood. Mr. Barlow had long suffered the greatest uneasiness at their absence

and, not contented with sending after them on every side, was at that very time busy in the pursuit; so that the man met him about half-way from his own house.

As soon as Mr. Barlow heard the good news, he determined to return with the man, and reached his house just as Tommy Merton had finished one of the heartiest meals he had ever made. The little boys rose up to meet Mr. Barlow, and thanked him for his kindness, and the pains he had taken to look after them, expressing their concern for the accident which had happened, and the uneasiness which, without designing it, they had occasioned; but he, with the greatest good-nature, advised them to be more cautious for the future; and not to extend their walks so far; and thanking the worthy people of the house, he offered to conduct them; and they all three set out together, in a very cold, but fine and star-light evening. As they went home, he renewed his caution, and told them the dangers they had incurred. "Many people," said he, "in your situation,

have been surprised by an unexpected storm, and losing their way have perished with cold. Sometimes both men and beasts, not being able to discern their accustomed track, have fallen into deep pits filled up and covered with the snow, where they have been found buried several feet deep and frozen to death." "And is it impossible," said Tommy, "in such a case to escape?" "In general it is," said Mr. Barlow, "but there have been some extraordinary instances of persons who have lived several days in that condition, and yet been taken out alive."

As they were thus walking on, Tommy looked up at the sky, where all the stars glimmered with unusual brightness, and said, "What an innumerable multitude of stars are there! I think I never observed so many before in all my life." "Innumerable as they appear to you," said Mr. Barlow, "there are persons that have not only counted all you now see, but thousands more which are at present invisible to your eye." "How can that be?" answered Tommy,

"for there is neither beginning nor end. They are scattered so confusedly about the sky, that I should think it as impossible to number them as the flakes of snow that fell to-day while we were in the wood." At this Mr. Barlow smiled, and said that he believed Harry could give him a different account, although perhaps he could not number them all. "Harry," said he, "cannot you show your companion some of the constellations?" "Yes," answered Harry, "I believe I remember some that you have been so good as to teach me." "But pray, sir," said Tommy, "what is a constellation?" "Those," answered Mr. Barlow, "that first began to observe the heavens, as you do now, have observed certain stars, remarkable either for their brightness or position. To these they have given a particular name, that they might the more easily know them again, and discourse of them to others; and these particular clusters of stars thus joined together and named, they call constellations. But come, Harry,

you are a little farmer, and can certainly point out to us Charles's wain." Harry then looked up to the sky, and pointed out seven very bright stars towards the north.

"You are right," said Mr. Barlow: "four of these stars have put the common people in mind of the four wheels of a waggon, and the three others of the horses; therefore, they have called them by this name. Now, Tommy, look well at these, and see if you can find any seven stars in the whole sky that resemble them in their position."

TOMMY. Indeed, sir, I do not think I can.

Mr. BARLOW. Do you not think, then, that you can find them again?

TOMMY. I will try, sir.—Now, I will take my eye off and look another way,—I protest I cannot find them again.—Oh! I believe there they are—Pray, sir, (pointing with his finger,) is not that Charles's wain?

Mr. BARLOW. You are right; and by remembering these stars you may very easily observe those which are next to them, and

learn their names too, till you are acquainted with the whole face of the heavens.

TOMMY. That is indeed very clever and very surprising. I will show my mother Charles's wain the first time I go home: I dare say she has never observed it.

Mr. BARLOW. But look on the two stars which compose the hinder wheels of the waggon, and raise your eye towards that part of the sky directly over your head, do you not see a very bright star, which seems to be almost, but not quite, in a line with the two others?

TOMMY. Yes, sir,—I see it plainly.

Mr. BARLOW. That is called the pole-star; it never moves from its place, and by looking full at it, you may always find the north.

TOMMY. Then, if I turn my face towards that star, I always look to the north?

Mr. BARLOW. You are right.

TOMMY. Then I shall turn my back to the south?

Mr. BARLOW. You are right again; and now cannot you find the east and west?

TOMMY. Is not the east where the sun rises?

Mr. BARLOW. Yes; but there is no sun to direct you now.

TOMMY. Then, sir, I cannot find it out.

Mr. BARLOW. Do not you know, Harry?

HARRY. I believe, sir, that if you turn your face to the north, the east will be on the right hand, and the west on the left.

Mr. BARLOW. Perfectly right.

TOMMY. That is very clever, indeed: so then, by knowing the pole-star, I can always find north, east, west, and south. But you said that the pole-star never moves; do the other stars, then, move out of their places?

Mr. BARLOW. That is a question you may learn to answer yourself, by observing the present appearance of the heavens: and then examining whether the stars change their places at any future time.

TOMMY. But, sir, I have thought that it

would be a good contrivance, in order to remember their situations, if I were to draw them upon a bit of paper.

Mr. BARLOW. But how would you do that?

TOMMY. I would make a mark upon the paper for every star in Charles's wain, and I would place the marks just as I see the stars placed in the sky, and I would ask you to write the names for me, and this I would do till I was acquainted with all the stars in the heavens.

Mr. BARLOW. That would be an excellent way: but you see paper is flat: is that the form of the sky?

TOMMY. No, the sky seems to rise from the earth on every side, like the dome of a great church.

Mr. BARLOW. Then, if you were to have some round body, I should think it would correspond to the different parts of the sky, and you might place your stars with more exactness.

TOMMY. That is true indeed, sir; I wish I had just such a globe.

Mr. Barlow. Well, just such a globe I will endeavour to procure you.

Tommy. Sir, I am much obliged to you indeed. But of what use is it to know the stars?

Mr. Barlow. Were there no other use, I should think there would be a very great pleasure in observing such a number of glorious, glittering bodies as are now above us. We sometimes run to see a procession of coaches, or a few people in fine clothes strutting about: we admire a large room that is painted, and ornamented and gilded; but what is there in all these things to be compared with the sight of these luminous bodies that adorn every part of the sky?

Tommy. Yes, indeed. Lord Wimple's great room, that I have heard all the people admire so much, is no more to be compared to it, than the shabbiest thing in the world.

Mr. Barlow. That is very true; but there are some, and those very important, uses to be derived from an acquaintance with the stars. Harry, do you tell Master Merton

the story of your being lost upon the great moor.

HARRY. You must know, Master Tommy, that I have an uncle who lives about three miles off, across the great moor that we have sometimes walked upon. Now, my father, as I am pretty well acquainted with the roads, very often sends me with messages to my uncle. One evening I went there so late, that it was scarcely possible to get home again before it was quite dark: it was at that time in the month of October. My uncle wished me very much to stay at his house all night, but that it was not proper for me to do, because my father had ordered me to come back. So I set out as soon as I possibly could; but just as I reached the heath, the evening grew extremely dark.

TOMMY. And were not you frightened to find yourself alone upon such a dismal place?

HARRY. No; I knew the worst that could happen would be that I should stay there all night; and, as soon as ever the morning shone, I should have found my way

home. But, however, by the time I had reached the middle of the heath, there came on such a violent tempest of wind, blowing full in my face, accompanied with such a shower, that I found it impossible to continue my way. So I quitted the track, which is never very easy to find, and ran aside to a holly bush, that was growing at some distance, in order to seek a little shelter. Here I lay very conveniently, till the storm was almost over; then I rose and attempted to continue my way, but unfortunately I missed the track.

TOMMY. That was a very dismal thing indeed.

HARRY. I wandered about a great while, but still to no purpose: I had not a single mark to direct me, because the common is so extensive, and so bare either of trees or houses, that one may walk for miles and see nothing but heath and furzes. Sometimes I tore my legs in scrambling through great thickets of furze; now and then I plumped into a hole full of water, so that at last I was

going to give it up in despair, when looking on one side I saw a light at a little distance, which seemed to be a candle and lantern, that somebody was carrying across the moor.

TOMMY. Did not that give you very great comfort?

"You shall hear," answered Harry, smiling.—"At first I was doubtful whether I should go up to it; but I considered that it was not worth any body's pains to hurt a poor boy like me, and that no person who was out on any ill design would probably choose to carry a light. So I determined boldly to go up to it and inquire the way."

TOMMY. And did the person with the candle and lantern direct you?

HARRY. I began walking up towards it; when immediately the light, which I had first observed on my right hand, moved slowly along by my side, changed its direction, and went directly before me, with about the same degree of speed. I thought this very odd, but I still continued the chase, and

just as I thought I had approached very near I tumbled into another pit full of water.

TOMMY. That was unlucky.

HARRY. Well, I scrambled out, and very happily on the same side with the light, which I began to follow again, but with as little success as ever. I had now wandered many miles about the common; I knew no more where I was, than if I had been set down upon an unknown country: I had no hopes of finding my way home, unless I could reach this wandering light: and, though I could not conceive that the person who carried it could know of my being so near, he seemed to act as if he was determined to avoid me. However, I was resolved to make one more attempt, and therefore I began to run as fast as I was able, hallooing out at the same time to the person that I thought was before me, to entreat him to stop.

TOMMY. And did he?

HARRY. Instead of that, the light which had before been moving along at a slow and easy pace, now began to dance before me, ten

times faster than before; so that, instead of overtaking it, I found myself further and further behind. Still, however, I ran on, till I unwarily sunk up to the middle in a large bog, out of which I at last scrambled with very great difficulty. Surprised at this, and not conceiving that any human being could pass over such a bog as this, I determined to pursue it no longer. But now I was wet and weary; the clouds had indeed rolled away, and the moon and stars began to shine; I looked around me and could discern nothing but a wide, barren country, without so much as a tree to shelter me, or any animal in sight. I listened in hopes of hearing a sheep bell, or the barking of a dog; but nothing met my ear, but the shrill whistling of the wind, which blew so cold and bleak along that open country, that it chilled me to the very heart. In this situation I stopped awhile to consider what I should do, and raising my eyes by accident to the sky, the first object I beheld was that very constellation of Charles's wain, and above it I discerned.

the pole-star, glimmering, as it were, from the very top of heaven. Instantly a thought came into my mind; I considered, that when I had been walking along the road which led to my uncle's house, I had often observed the pole-star full before me; therefore it occurred to me, that if I turned my back exactly upon it, and went straight forward in a contrary direction, it must lead me towards my father's house. As soon as I had formed this resolution, I began to execute it. I was persuaded I should now escape, and therefore, forgetting my fatigue, I ran along as brisk as if I had but then set out. Nor was I disappointed; for though I could see no tracks, yet taking the greatest care always to go on in that direction, the moon afforded me light enough to avoid the pits and bogs, which are found in various parts of that wild moor; and when I had travelled, as I imagined, about three miles, I heard the barking of a dog, which gave me double vigour; and going a little further, I came to some enclosures at the skirts of the common, which I

knew; so that I then with ease found my way home, after having almost despaired of doing it.

Tommy. Then, the knowledge of the pole-star was of very great use to you. I am determined I will make myself acquainted with all the stars in the heavens. But did you ever find out what that light was, which danced before you in so extraordinary a manner?

Harry. When I came home, my father told me it was what people commonly called Jack-of-the-Lantern: and Mr. Barlow has since informed me, that these things are only vapours which rise out of the earth in moist and fenny places, although they have that bright appearance; and therefore told me, that many people, like me, who have taken them for a lighted candle, have followed them, as I did, into bogs and ditches.

Just as Harry had finished his story, they arrived at Mr. Barlow's, and after sitting some time and talking over the accidents of *the day*, the little boys retired to bed. Mr.

Barlow was sitting alone, and reading in his parlour, when, to his great surprise, Tommy came running into the room, half undressed, and bawling out, "Sir, sir, I have found it out — they move! they move!" "What moves?" said Mr. Barlow. "Why Charles's wain moves?" answered Tommy. "I had a mind to take one peep at the sky, before I went to bed, and I see that all the seven stars have moved from their places a great way higher up into the sky." "Well," said Mr. Barlow, "you are indeed right. You have done a vast deal to day, and at another time we will talk over these things again."

The following morning, the little boys returned to a diversion they had been amusing themselves with for several days, the making of a prodigious snow-ball. They had begun by making a small globe of snow with their hands, which they turned over and over, till by continually collecting fresh matter, it grew so large that they were unable to roll it any further. Here Tommy observed, that their labours must end, for it was impossible

to turn it any longer. "No," said Harry "I know a remedy for that." So he ran and fetched a couple of thick sticks, about five feet long, and giving one of them to Tommy, he took the other himself. He then desired him to put the end of his stick under the mass, while he did the same on his side, and then lifting at the other end, they rolled the heap forward with the greatest ease. Tommy was extremely surprised at this, and said, "How can this be? We are not a bit stronger than we were before, and yet now we are able to roll this snowball along with ease, which we could not even stir before." "That is very true," answered Harry, "but it is owing to these sticks. This is the way that the labourers move the largest trees, which, without this contrivance, they would not be able to stir." "I am very much surprised at this," said Tommy; "I never should have imagined that the sticks would have given us more strength than we had before." Just as he had said this, by a violent *effort, both* their sticks broke short in the

middle. "This is no great loss," observed Tommy, "for the ends will do just as well as the whole sticks." They then tried to shove the ball again with the truncheons which remained in their hands, but to the new surprise of Tommy, they found they were unable to stir it. "That is very curious indeed," said Tommy: "I find that only long sticks are of any use." "That," said Harry, "I could have told you before; but I had a mind you should find it out yourself. The longer the stick is, provided it is sufficiently strong, and you can manage it, the more easily will you succeed." "This is really very curious," replied Tommy; "but I see some of Mr. Barlow's labourers at work a little way off; let us go to them, and ask them to cut us two longer sticks, that we may try their effects."

They then went up to the men who were at work; but here a new subject of admiration presented itself to Tommy's mind. There was a root of a prodigious oak-tree, so large and heavy, that half-a-dozen horses

would scarcely have been able to draw it along: besides, it was so tough and knotty, that the sharpest axe could hardly make any impression upon it. This, a couple of old men were attempting to cleave in pieces, in order to make billets for Mr. Barlow's fire. Tommy, who thought their strength totally disproportionate to such an undertaking, could not help pitying them, and observing that certainly Mr. Barlow did not know what they were about, or he would have prevented such poor, weak old men from fatiguing themselves about what they never could perform. "Do you think so?" replied Harry; "what would you then say, if you were to see me, little as I am, perform this wonderful task, with the assistance of one of these good people?" So he took up a wooden mallet, an instrument which, although much larger, resembles a hammer, and began beating the root, which he did for some time without making the least impression. Tommy, who imagined that for this time his friend Harry was caught, began to smile, and told him that

he would break a hundred mallets to pieces before he made the least impression upon the wood. "Say you so?" answered Harry, smiling; "then I believe I must try another method." So he stooped down, and picked up a small piece of iron, about six inches long, which Tommy had not observed before, as it lay upon the ground. This iron was broad at the top, but gradually sloped all the way down, till it came to a perfect edge at bottom. Harry took this up, and with a few blows drove it a little way into the body of the root. The old man and he then struck alternately with their mallets upon the head of the iron, till the root began to gape and crack on every side, and the iron was totally buried in the wood. "There," said Harry, "this first wedge has done its business very well; two or three more will finish it." He then took up another larger wedge, and inserting the bottom of it between the wood and the top of the former one, which was now completely buried in the root, began to beat upon it as he had done before. The root now

cracked and split on every side of the wedges, till a prodigious cleft appeared quite down to the bottom. Thus did Harry proceed, still continuing his blows, and inserting new and larger wedges, as fast as he had driven the former down, till he had completely effected what he had undertaken, and entirely separated the monstrous mass of wood into two unequal parts. Harry then said, "Here is a very large log, but I think you and I can carry it in to mend the fire, and I will show you something else that will surprise you." So he took a pole of about ten feet long, and hung the log upon it by a piece of cord which he found there; then he asked Tommy which end of the pole he chose to carry. Tommy, who thought it would be most convenient to have the weight near him, chose that end of the pole near which the weight was suspended, and put it upon his shoulder; while Harry took the other end. But when Tommy attempted to move, he found that he could hardly bear the pressure; however, as *he saw* Harry walk briskly away under his

share of the load, he determined not to complain. As they were walking along in this manner, Mr. Barlow met them, and seeing poor Tommy labouring under his burden, asked him who loaded him in that manner. Tommy said it was Harry. Upon this Mr. Barlow smiled, and said, "Well, Tommy, this is the first time I ever saw your friend Harry attempt to impose upon you, for he is making you carry about three times the weight which he supports himself." Harry replied, that Tommy had chosen that end himself; and that he should directly have informed him of his mistake, but that he had been so surprised at seeing the common effects of a lever, that he wished to teach him some other facts about it; then shifting the ends of the pole, so as to support that part which Tommy had done before, he asked him if he found his shoulder any easier. "Indeed, I do," replied Tommy; "but I cannot conceive how; for we carry the same weight between us which we did before, and just in the same manner."—"Not quite in the same

manner," answered Mr. Barlow; "for, if you observe, the log is a great deal further from your shoulder than from Harry's; by which means he now supports just as much as you did before, and you, on the contrary, as little as he did when I met you."—"This is very extraordinary indeed," said Tommy: "I find there are a great many things which I did not know, nor even my mamma, nor any of the fine ladies that come to our house."—"Well," replied Mr. Barlow, "if you have acquired so much useful knowledge already, what may you expect to do in a few years more?"—He then led Tommy into the house, and showed him a stick of about four feet long, with a scale hung at each end. "Now," said he, "if you place this stick over the back of a chair, so that it may rest exactly upon the middle, you see the two scales will just balance each other. So, if I put into each of them an equal weight, they will still remain suspended. In this method, we weigh every thing that is bought; only, *for the gre*ater convenience, the beam of the

scale, which is the same thing as this stick, is generally hung up to something else by its middle. But let us now move the stick, and see what will be the consequence." Mr. Barlow then pushed the stick along in such a manner, that when it rested upon the back of the chair, there were three feet of it on one side, and only one on the other. That side which was longest instantly came to the ground as heaviest. "You see," said Mr. Barlow, "if we would now balance them, we must put a greater weight on the shortest side; so he kept adding weights, till Tommy found that one pound on the longest side would exactly balance three on the shortest; for, as much as the longer side exceeded the shorter in length, so much did the weight which was hung at that end, require to exceed that on the longer side."

"This," said Mr. Barlow, "is what they call a lever; and all the sticks that you have been using to-day are only levers of a different construction. By these short trials you may conceive the prodigious advantage which

they are of to men. For thus can one man move a weight which half-a-dozen would not be able to do with their hands alone. Thus may a little boy, like you, do more than the strongest man could effect, who did not know these secrets. As to that instrument, by which you were so surprised that Harry could cleave so vast a body of wood, it is called a wedge, and is almost equally useful with the lever. The whole force of it consists in its being gradually narrower and narrower, till at last it ends in a thin edge, capable of penetrating the smallest chink. By this we are enabled to overthrow the largest oaks, to cleave their roots, almost as hard as iron itself, and even to split the solid rocks." "All this," said Tommy "is wonderful indeed; and I need not ask the use of them, because I see it plainly in the experiments I have made to-day."—"One thing more," added Mr. Barlow, "as we are upon this subject, I will show you." So he led them into the yard, to the bottom of his *granary*, where stood a heavy sack of corn.

"Now," said Mr, Barlow, "if you are so stout a fellow as you imagine, take up this sack of corn, and carry it up the ladder into the granary."—"That," replied Tommy, laughing, "is impossible; and I doubt, sir, whether you could do it yourself."—"Well," said Mr. Barlow, "we will try at least what is to be done." He then led them up into the granary, and showing them a middle-sized wheel with the handle fixed upon it, desired the little boys to turn it round. They began to turn it with some little difficulty, and Tommy could hardly believe his eyes, when presently after he saw the sack of corn, which he had despaired of moving, mounted up into the granary and safely landed upon the floor. "You see," said Mr. Barlow, "here is another ingenious contrivance, by which the weakest person may perform the work of the strongest. This is called the wheel and axle. You see this wheel, which is not very large, turns round an axle which goes into it, and is much smaller; and at every turn, the rope to which the

height is fixed that you want to move, is twisted round the axle. Now, just as much as the breadth of the whole wheel is greater than that of the axle which it turns round, so much the greater is the weight that the person who turns it can move, than he could do without it.

"Well," said Tommy, "I see it is a fine thing indeed to acquire knowledge; but are there no more, sir, of those ingenious contrivances? for I should like to understand them all."—"Yes," answered Mr. Barlow, "there are more; and you shall be perfectly acquainted with them in time; but for this purpose you should be able to write, and comprehend something of arithmetic."

Tommy. What is arithmetic, sir?

Mr. Barlow. That is not so easy to make you understand at once; I will, however, try to explain it. Do you see the grains of wheat which lie scattered in the window?

Tommy. Yes, sir.

Mr. BARLOW. Can you count how many there are?

TOMMY. There are just five-and-twenty of them.

Mr. BARLOW. Very well. Here is another parcel; how many grains are there?

TOMMY. Just fourteen.

Mr. BARLOW. If there are fourteen grains in one heap, and twenty-five in the other, how many grains are there in all; or, how many do fourteen and twenty-five make?

Tommy was unable to answer, and Mr. Barlow proposed the same question to Harry, who answered that together they made thirty-nine. "Again," said Mr. Barlow, "I will put the two heaps together, and then how many will there be?"

TOMMY. Thirty-nine.

Mr. BARLOW. Now, look, I have just taken away nineteen from the number, how many do you think remains?

TOMMY. I will count them.

Mr. BARLOW. And cannot you tell

without counting? How many are there, Harry?

HARRY. Twenty, sir.

Mr. BARLOW. All this is properly the art of arithmetic, which is the same as that of counting, only it is done in a much shorter and easier way, without the trouble of having the things always before you. Thus, for instance, if you wanted to know now many barleycorns were in this sack, you would perhaps be a week in counting the whole number.

TOMMY. Indeed I believe I should.

Mr. BARLOW. If you understood arithmetic you might do it in five minutes.

TOMMY. That is extraordinary indeed; I can hardly conceive it possible.

Mr. BARLOW. A bushel of corn weighs about fifty pounds weight; this sack contains four bushels, so that there are just two hundred pounds weight in all. Now every pound contains sixteen ounces; and sixteen times two hundred makes thirty-two hundred ounces. So that you have nothing to do but

to count the number of grains in a single ounce, and there will be thirty-two hundred times that number in the sack.

TOMMY. I declare this is curious indeed, and I should like to learn arithmetic. Will Harry and you teach me, sir?

Mr. BARLOW. You know we are always ready to improve you. But before we leave this subject I must tell you a little story. There was a gentleman who was extremely fond of beautiful horses, and did not grudge to give the highest prices for them. One day a horse-courser came to him, and showed him one so handsome, that he thought it superior to all he had ever seen before. He mounted him, and found his paces equally excellent; for though he was full of spirit, he was as gentle and tractable as could be wished. So many perfections delighted the gentleman, and he eagerly demanded the price. The horse-courser answered, that he would bate nothing of two hundred guineas: the gentleman, although he admired the horse, would not consent to give it, and they were just at

the point of parting. As the man was turning his back, the gentleman called out to him, and said, "is there no possible way of agreeing? for I would give you any thing in reason for such a beautiful creature." "Why," replied the dealer, who was a shrewd fellow, and perfectly understood calculation, "if you do not like to give me two hundred guineas, will you give me a farthing for the first nail the horse has in his shoe, two farthings for the second, four for the third, and so go on doubling throughout the whole twenty-four? for there are no more than twenty-four nails in all his shoes. The gentleman gladly accepted the condition, and ordered the horse to be led away to his stables.

TOMMY. This fellow must have been a very great blockhead, to ask two hundred guineas, and then take a few farthings for his horse.

Mr. BARLOW. The gentleman was of the same opinion; however, the horse-courser added, "I do not mean, sir, to tie you down

to this last proposal, which, upon consideration, you may like as little as the first; all that I require is, that if you are dissatisfied with your bargain, you will promise to pay me down the two hundred guineas which I first asked." This the gentleman willingly agreed to, and then called his steward to calculate the sum, for he was too much of a gentleman to be able to do it himself. The steward sat down with his pen and ink, and after some time, gravely wished his master joy, and asked in what part of England the estate was situated that he was going to purchase. "Are you mad?" replied the gentleman; "it is not an estate, but a horse, that I have just bargained for, and here is the owner of him, to whom I am going to pay the money." "If there is any madness, sir," replied the steward, "it certainly is not on my side; the sum you have ordered me to calculate comes to just seventeen thousand, four hundred, and seventy-six pounds, besides some shillings and pence; and surely no man in his senses would give this price

for a horse." The gentleman was more surprised than ever he was before, to hear the assertion of his steward, but when, upon examination, he found it no more than the truth, he was very glad to compound for his foolish agreement, by giving the horse-courser the two hundred guineas and dismissing him.

TOMMY. This is quite incredible; that a farthing just doubled a few times, should amount to such a prodigious sum: however, I am determined to learn arithmetic, that I may not be imposed upon in this manner; for I think a gentleman must look very silly in such a situation.

Thus had Tommy a new employment and diversion for the winter nights, in the learning of arithmetic. Almost every night did Mr. Barlow and Harry, and he, amuse themselves with little questions that related to numbers: by which means Tommy became in a short time so expert, that he could add, subtract, multiply, or divide, almost any given sum, with little trouble and great

exactness. But he did not, for this, forget the employment of observing the heavens; for every night when the stars appeared bright and the sky unclouded, Harry and he observed the various figures and positions of the constellations. Mr. Barlow gave him a little paper globe, as he had promised, and Tommy immediately marked out upon the top his first and favourite constellation of Charles's wain. A little while after that, he observed on the other side of the pole-star, another beautiful assemblage of stars, which was always opposite to Charles's wain: this, Mr. Barlow told him was called Cassiopeia's chair; and this, in a short time, was added to the collection. One night, as Tommy was looking up to the sky in the southern part of the heavens, he observed so remarkable a constellation, that he could not help particularly ramarking it: four large and shining stars composed the ends of the figure, which was almost square, and full in the middle appeared three more, placed in a slanting line and very near to each other. This

Tommy pointed out to Mr. Barlow, and begged to know the name. Mr. Barlow answered that the constellation was named Orion, and that the three bright stars in the middle were called his belt. Tommy was so delighted with the grandeur and beauty of this glorious constellation, that he could not help observing it, by intervals, all the evening; and he was surprised to see that it seemed to pass on, in a right line drawn from east to west, and that all the stars he had become acquainted with, moved every night in the same direction.

The frost had now continued for several weeks, and Tommy, taking advantage of the evenings, which generally were clear and star-light, had greatly improved his knowledge of the heavens. His paper globe, by this time, being ornamented with nearly all the stars of which he had learned the names. These stars, he continually observed, journeyed every night from east to west, and then appeared the evening after in their former places. "How strange it is" ob-

served Tommy one day to Mr. Barlow, "that all these stars are continually turning about the earth?"

"How do you know," replied Mr. Barlow, that they turn at all?"

TOMMY. Because I see them move every night.

Mr. BARLOW. But, how are you sure that it is the stars which move every night, and not the earth itself?

Tommy considered a little, and then said, "If that was the case, I should then see the earth move, and the stars stand still."

Mr. BARLOW. What! did you never ride in a coach?

TOMMY. Yes, sir, very often.

Mr. BARLOW. And did you then see that the coach moved, as you sat still, and went along a level road?

TOMMY. No, sir; I have often thought that the houses, and trees, and all the country, glided swiftly along by the windows of the coach.

Mr. Barlow. And did you never sail in a boat?

Tommy. Yes, I have; and there, again, I have observed the same thing; for I remember, I have often thought the shore was running from the boat, instead of the boat from the shore.

Mr. Barlow. Well then, as you have thus in very common things mistaken the object that moved, do you not think it probable that you have likewise now mistaken it, and that it may be the earth which moves instead of the stars?

Tommy. But is it not more likely, that such little things as the sun and stars should move, than such a large thing as the earth?

Mr. Barlow. *Little things!* How do you know the sun and stars are so small?

Tommy. Because, sir, I see they are so. The stars are so small, that they are hardly to be seen at all: and the sun itself, which is much larger, does not seem bigger than a small round table.

The day after this conversation, as the weather was bright and clear, Mr. Barlow went out to walk with Tommy and Harry. As by this time Tommy was inured to fatigue, and able to walk many miles, they continued their excursion over the hills, till at last they came in sight of the sea. As they were diverting themselves with the immense prospect of water that was before them, Mr. Barlow perceived something floating at a distance, so small as to be scarcely discernible by the eye. He pointed it out to Tommy, and asked him what he thought it was.

Tommy, who with difficulty distinguished it, answered, that he thought it was a small fishing boat, but could not tell exactly what it was, on account of the distance; "though," continued he, "whatever it is, it seems to grow bigger."

Mr. Barlow. Ah! what makes it grow bigger?

Tommy. It is coming nearer to us.

Mr. Barlow. What!—Does the same

thing, then, sometimes appear small and sometimes great?

TOMMY. Yes, sir, it seems small when it is at a great distance: I have observed *that* even with houses and churches, which seem to the eye very small, indeed, when you are some miles distant.—Ha! now I observe that the vessel is sailing towards us, and that it is not, as I imagined, a little fishing boat, but a ship with a mast, for I can see the sails.

Mr. Barlow and his two pupils now walked on a little while by the side of the sea, and presently Tommy called out again:—"I was mistaken again; for it was not a vessel with one mast, as I thought just now, but a fine large ship, with three great masts, and all her sails set in the grandest manner."

Mr. BARLOW. Now, only take notice of what you have been seeing. What at first appeared only a little dusky speck, afterwards became a vessel with one mast, and now the vessel with one mast plainly appears a ship of a very large size, with all her masts,

and sails, and rigging, complete. Yet all these three appearances are only the same object, at different distances from the eye.

TOMMY. Yes, sir, that is all very true, indeed.

Mr. BARLOW. Suppose then, if the ship which is now in full sight, were to tack about again and sail away from us as fast as she approached just now, what do you think would happen?

TOMMY. Why, that it would grow less and less, by degrees, till it appeared a speck again.

Mr. BARLOW. You said, yesterday, I think, that the sun was a very small body, not bigger than a round table?

TOMMY. Yes, sir.

Mr. BARLOW. Supposing, then, he were to be removed to a much greater distance than he is at now, what would happen? would he appear the same to your eyes.

Tommy considered for some time, and then said, "If the ship grows less and less, till at last it appears a mere speck, by going further

and further, I should think the sun would do the same."

Mr. Barlow. In that conclusion you are perfectly right; therefore, if the sun were to depart further and further from us, at last he would appear no bigger than one of those twinkling stars, that you see at so great a distance above your head.

Tommy. That I perfectly comprehend.

Mr. Barlow. But if, on the contrary, one of those twinkling stars were to approach nearer and nearer to where you stand, what do you think would happen? would it still appear of the same size?

Tommy. No, sir. The ship as it came nearer to us, appeared every moment larger, and therefore I think the star must do the same.

Mr. Barlow. Might it not then at last appear as big as the sun now does; just as the sun would dwindle away to the size of a star, were it to be removed to a still greater distance?

Tommy. Indeed I think it might.

Mr. Barlow. What then do you imagine must happen, if the sun approached a great deal nearer to us?—would his size remain the same?

Tommy. No. I plainly see that he must appear bigger and bigger the nearer he comes.

Mr. Barlow. If that is the case, it is not so very certain that the earth we inhabit is bigger than the sun and stars. They are at a very great distance from us; therefore, if any body could go from the earth towards the sun, how do you think the earth would appear to him as he journeyed on?

Tommy. Really, I can hardly tell.

Mr. Barlow. No! Why, is it not the same thing whether an object goes from you, or you from the object? Is there any difference between the ship's sailing away from us and our walking away from the ship?

Tommy. No, sir.

Mr. Barlow. Did you not say, that if the sun could be removed further from our eyes, it would appear less?

TOMMY. To be sure it would.

Mr. BARLOW. Why then, if the earth were to sink down from under our feet, lower and lower, what would happen?—would it have the same appearance?

TOMMY. No, sir, I think it must appear less and less, like the ship when it is sailing away.

Mr. BARLOW. Very right, indeed. But now attend to what I asked you just now; if a person could rise slowly into the air, and mount still higher and higher, towards the sun, what would happen?

TOMMY. Why, the same as if the earth were to sink from under us: it would appear less and less.

Mr. BARLOW. Might not the earth then at last appear as small as the sun or moon does?

TOMMY. I can hardly conceive that: and yet, I see it would appear less and less, the further he went.

Mr. BARLOW. Well, then, now you will be able to answer the question I asked you a

little while ago: Could a person travel straight forward from the earth to the sun, how would they appear to him as he went forward?

TOMMY. The earth would appear less and less as he went from it, and the sun bigger and bigger as he approached towards it.

Mr. BARLOW. Perhaps, then, it would happen at last that the sun appeared bigger than the earth.

TOMMY. I think it might.

Mr. BARLOW. Then you see that you must no longer talk of the earth's being large and the sun small, since that may only happen because you are near the one, and at a great distance from the other. At least you must now be convinced, that both the sun and stars must be immensely bigger than you would at first sight guess them to be.

As they were returning home, they happened to pass through a small town in their way, and saw a crowd of people going into a house, which gave Mr. Barlow the curiosity to inquire the reason. They were told that

there was a wonderful person there, who performed a variety of strange and diverting experiments. Upon Tommy's expressing a great desire to see these curious exhibitions, Mr. Barlow took them both in, and they seated themselves among the audience. Presently the performer began his exhibitions, with which Tommy was very much diverted and surprised. At length, after a variety of curious tricks upon cards, the conjuror desired them to observe a large basin of water, with the figure of a little swan floating upon the surface. "Gentlemen," said the man, "I have reserved this curious experiment for the last, because it is the most wonderful of all that I have to show, or that, perhaps, was ever exhibited to the present hour. You see that swan; it is no more than a little image, without either sense or life. If you have any doubt upon the subject, take it up in your hands and examine it." Accordingly, several of the spectators took it up in their hands, and after having examined it, set it down again

upon the water. "Now," continued he, "this swan, which to you appears totally without sense or motion, is of so extraordinary a nature, that he knows me, his master, and will follow in any direction that I command." Saying this, he took out a little piece of bread, and whistling to his bird, ordered him to come to the side of the basin and be fed. Immediately, to the great surprise of all the company, the swan turned about, and swam to the side of the basin. The man whistled again, and presently the swan turned himself round and pursued the hand of his master to the other side of the basin. The spectators could hardly believe their eyes, and some of them got little pieces of bread, and held them out, imagining that he would do the same to them. But it was in vain they whistled and presented their bread; the bird remained unmoved upon the water, and obeyed no orders but those of his master. When this exhibition had been repeated over and over again, to the extreme delight and astonishment of all present, the

company rose and dispersed, and Mr. Barlow and the little boys pursued their way home.

Tommy's mind was so much engrossed with what he had seen at the exhibition, that for several days he could think and talk of nothing else. "He would give all that he had in the world, *that he would*, to find out this curious trick, and be possessed of such a swan." At length, as he was talking to Harry one day upon the subject, Harry told him with a smile, that he believed he had found out the method of doing it; and that if he did not mistake, he would show him the next day a swan that would come to be fed as well as the conjuror's. Accordingly, Harry moulded a bit of wax into the shape of a swan, and placed it upon a basin of water. He then presented to it a piece of bread, and, to the inexpressible delight of Tommy, the swan pursued the bread, just as he had seen before. After he had several times diverted himself with this experiment, he wanted to be informed of the composition

of this wonderful swan. Harry, therefore, showed him within the body of the bird a large needle, which lay in it from one end to the other. In the bread with which the swan was fed, he also showed him concealed a small bar of iron. Tommy could not comprehend the meaning of all this, although the whole secret was before his eyes. While he was attentively examining these surprising objects, Mr. Barlow, who was present, took up the bar of iron, and putting down several needles upon the table, Tommy was much surprised to see the needles all jump up, one after another, at the approach of the bar, and shoot towards it, as if they had been possessed of life and sense. They then hung all about the bar so firmly, that, though it was lifted into the air, they all retained their hold, and remained suspended by it. Mr. Barlow then placed a key upon the table, and putting the iron near it, the key attached itself as firmly to the bar as the needles had done before. All this appeared so surprising to Tommy, that he begged an explanation of

it from Mr. Barlow. That gentleman told him that there was a stone often found in iron mines, that was called the loadstone. This stone is naturally possessed of the surprising power of drawing to itself all pieces of iron that are not too large, nor placed at two great a distance. But what is equally extraordinary, is, that iron itself, after having been rubbed upon the loadstone, acquires the same virtue as the stone itself, of attracting other iron. For this purpose, they take small bars of iron, and rub them carefully upon the loadstone, and when they have acquired this very extraordinary power, they call them magnets. When Harry had seen the exhibition of the swan, upon revolving it over in his mind, he began to suspect that it was performed entirely by the power of magnetism. Upon his talking to me about the affair, I confirmed him in his opinion, and furnished him with a small magnet to put into the bread, and a large needle to conceal in the body of the bird. So this is the explanation of the feat which so much puzzled you a few days past.

Mr. Barlow had scarcely done speaking, when Tommy observed another curious property of the swan, which he had not found out before. This bird, when left to itself, constantly rested in one particular direction; and that direction was full north and south. Tommy inquired the reason of this, and Mr. Barlow gave him this additional explanation. "The persons that first discovered the wonderful powers of the loadstone in communicating its virtues to iron, diverted themselves, as we do now, in touching needles and small pieces of iron, which they made to float upon water, and attracted them about with other pieces of iron. But it was not long before they found out, as you do now, another surprising property of this wonderful stone. They observed, that when a needle had once been touched by the loadstone, if it was left to float upon the water without restraint, it would invariably turn itself towards the north. In a short time, they improved the discovery further, and contrived to suspend the middle of the

needle upon a point, so loosely that it could move about in every direction. This they covered with a glass case, and by this means they always had it in their power to find out all the quarters of the heavens and earth."

"But," inquired Tommy, "was this discovery of any use?"

Mr. Barlow. Yes, of very great use; for before this time, they had no other method of finding their way along the sea, but by observing the stars. They knew, by experience, in what parts of the sky certain stars appeared at every season of the year, and this enabled them to discover east, west, north, and south. But when they set out from their own country by sea, they knew in which direction the place was situated which they were going to. If it lay to the east, they had only to keep the head of the ship turned full to that quarter of the heavens, and they would arrive at the place they were going to; and this they were enabled to do by observing the stars. But frequently the weather was thick, and the stars no longer

appeared; and then they were left to wander about the pathless ocean, without the smallest track to guide them in their course.

TOMMY. Poor people! they must have been in a dreadful situation, indeed, tossed about on such an immense place as the sea, in the dark, and unable to tell their situation, and direct their course.

Mr. BARLOW. For this reason, they seldom dared to venture out of sight of shore, for fear of losing their way: by which means, all their voyages were long and tedious. But soon after the discovery of this admirable property of the loadstone, they found that the needle which had been thus prepared, was capable of showing them the different points of the heavens, even in the darkest night. This enabled them to sail with greater security, and to venture boldly upon the immense ocean, which they always feared before.

TOMMY. How extraordinary it is, that a little stone should enable people to cross the sea, and to find their way from one country to another!

A few evenings after this conversation, when the night was remarkably clear, Mr. Barlow called his two pupils into the garden, where there was a long hollow tube suspended upon a frame. Mr. Barlow then placed Tommy upon a chair, and bade him look through it; which he had scarcely done, when he cried out, "What an extraordinary sight is this!" What is the matter?" said Mr. Barlow. "I see," replied Tommy, "what I should take for the moon, were it not a great many times bigger, and so near to me that I could almost touch it." "What you see," answered Mr. Barlow, smiling, "is the moon itself. This glass has indeed the power of making it appear to your eye, as it would do, could you approach a great deal nearer: but still it is nothing but the moon; and from this single experiment you may judge of the different size which the sun and all the other heavenly bodies would appear to be, if you could advance a great deal nearer to them."

Tommy was delighted with this new spectacle: the moon, (he said,) viewed in this

manner, was the most glorious sight he had ever seen in his life. "And I declare," added he, "it seems to be shaded in such a manner, that it almost resembles land and water." "What you say," answered Mr. Barlow, "is by no means unreasonable: the moon is a very large body, and may be, for aught we know, inhabited like the earth."

Tommy was more and more astonished at the introduction of all these new ideas; but what he was particularly inquisitive about was, to know the reason of this extraordinary change in the appearance of objects, only by looking through a hollow tube with a bit of glass fixed into it. "All this," replied Mr. Barlow, "I will, if you desire it, one day explain to you; but it is rather too long and difficult to undertake at the present moment; when you are a little further advanced in some of the things which you are now studying, you will comprehend me better. However, before we retire to-night, I will show you something more which will, perhaps, equally surprise you."

They then returned to the house, and Mr. Barlow, who had prepared every thing for his intended exhibition, led Tommy into a room, where he observed nothing but a lantern upon the floor, and a white sheet hung up against the wall. Tommy laughed, and said he did not see anything very curious in all that. "Well," said Mr. Barlow, "perhaps I may surprise you yet, before I have done; let us at least light up the lantern, that you may see a little clearer."

Mr. Barlow then lighted a lamp, which was within the lantern, and extinguished all the other candles; and Tommy was instantly struck with astonishment, to see a gigantic figure of a man leading along a large bear, appear upon the wall and glide slowly along the sheet. As he was admiring this wonderful sight, a large donkey, dressed up in the habit of a man, appeared, and followed the bear; after him came an old woman trundling a barrow of fruit; and then two boys, who, however, were as big as men, that seemed to be fighting as they passed.

Tommy could hardly find words to express his pleasure and admiration; and he entreated Mr. Barlow, in the most earnest manner, to explain to him the reason of all these wonderful sights. "At present," said Mr. Barlow, "you are not sufficiently advanced to comprehend the explanation. However, thus much I will inform you, that both the wonderful tube which showed you the moon so much larger than you ever saw it before, and this curious exhibition of to-night, and a variety of others, which I will hereafter show you, if you desire it, depend entirely upon such a little bit of glass as this." Mr. Barlow then put into his hand a small, round piece of glass, which resembled the figure of a globe on both sides: "It is by looking through such pieces of glass as this," said he, "and by arranging them in a particular manner, that we are enabled to perform all these wonders." "Well," said Tommy, "I never could have believed, that simply looking through a bit of glass could have made such a difference in the appear-

ance of things." "And yet," said Mr. Barlow, "looking at a thing through water alone, is capable of producing the greatest change, as I will immediately prove to you." Mr. Barlow then took a small earthen basin, and putting a half-crown at the bottom, desired Tommy gradually to go back, still looking at the basin, till he could distinguish the piece of money no longer. Tommy accordingly retired, and presently cried out, that he had totally lost sight of the money. "Then," said Mr. Barlow, "I will enable you to see it, merely by putting water upon it." So he gradually poured water into the basin, till, to the new astonishment of Tommy, he found that he could plainly see the half-crown, which was before invisible.

Tommy was vastly delighted with all these wonderful experiments, and declared that from this time forward, he would try to make himself acquainted with every thing curious in every branch of knowledge.

And now the time arrived, when Tommy was by appointment to go home and spend

some time with his parents. Mr. Barlow had been long afraid of this visit, as he knew he would meet a great deal of company there, who would give him impressions of a very different nature from what he had with so much assiduity been labouring to excite. However, the visit was unavoidable, and Mr. Merton sent so pressing an invitation for Harry to accompany his friend, after having obtained the consent of his father, that Mr. Barlow, with much regret, took leave of both his pupils. Harry, from the experience he had formerly acquired of polite life, had no great inclination for the expedition; however, his temper was too easy and obliging to raise any objections, and the real affection he now entertained for Master Merton rendered him less averse than he would otherwise have been.

When they arrived at Mr. Merton's they were introduced into a crowded drawing-room, full of the most elegant company which that part of the country afforded, among whom were several young gentlemen and

ladies of different ages, who had been purposely invited to spend their holidays with Master Merton.

It may readily be imagined what sort of reception the two little boys met with in a company of this kind. As soon as Master Merton entered, every tongue was let loose in his praise; he was grown, he was improved, he was such a charming boy; his eyes, his hair, his teeth, his every feature was the admiration of all the ladies. Thrice did he make the circle, in order to receive the congratulations of the company, and to be introduced to the young ladies. As to Harry, he had the good fortune to be taken notice of by nobody except Mr. Merton, who received him with great cordiality. Some conversation did indeed take place, in a kind of whispering tone, among these high-bred gentry, respecting the "awkward, vulgar-looking little plough-boy," as they pleased to term him; but it was one of so silly and unthinking a nature, as to be wholly destitute both of instruction and

entertainment; and, on that account, we shall not trouble our young readers with a repetition of it. At length, a young lady, whose name was Simmons, observing that nobody seemed to take notice of Harry in any favourable manner, advanced towards him with the greatest affability, and began to converse with him. The father and mother of Miss Simmons were two of the most respectable people in the country, but they both died when she was quite young, and the care of her devolved upon an uncle, who was a man of benevolence and great good nature. Under the guardianship of this excellent relation, she had grown up to be a young lady of most amiable manners, and bore an excellent character:—she had not, indeed, acquired so many of those superficial, showy accomplishments, upon which young ladies in general pride themselves so much; but, in place of these, she possessed a great fund of rational and useful knowledge. For instance, she had not spent some years of her life in acquiring a scientific knowledge of music, but

she could sing several simple songs in a very pleasing manner,—she had acquired a knowledge of some foreign languages, and she was acquainted with many of the best authors in her own. In short, though Miss Simmons had obtained much of that kind of knowledge necessary for those who aspire to the character of a good wife, or a good mother, yet her education and disposition had, generally speaking, rendered *her* almost as unfit for fashionable life, as that of Harry Sandford had *him*.

Such was Miss Simmons, the only person among the genteel company at Mr. Merton's that thought Harry deserving the least attention. This young lady, who possessed an uncommon degree of natural benevolence of character, came up to him, and addressed him in such a manner, as to set him perfectly at his ease. Harry was destitute of the polished manners of fashionable society, but he possessed what is far better, natural politeness and good nature. Harry had an understanding naturally strong; and Mr.

Barlow, while he had with the greatest care preserved him from all false impressions, had taken great pleasure in cultivating the faculties of his mind. Harry, indeed, never said any of those brilliant things which render a boy the darling of the ladies; he had not that vivacity, or rather impertinence, which frequently passes for wit with superficial people; but he paid the greatest attention to what was said to him, and made the most judicious observations upon subjects he understood. For this reason, Miss Simmons, although much older and more improved, received great satisfaction from conversing with him, and thought little Harry infinitely more agreeable than any of the smart young gentlemen she had hitherto seen at Mr. Merton's.

But now the company was summoned to the important business of dinner. Harry could not help sighing, when he reflected upon what he had to undergo; however, he determined to bear it with all imaginable fortitude, for the sake of his friend Tommy.

The dinner indeed was, if possible, more dreadful than any thing he had before undergone: so many fine gentlemen and fine ladies; so many powdered servants to stand behind their chairs; such an apparatus of dishes which Harry had never tasted before, and which almost made him sick when he did taste; so many removes; such pomp and solemnity about what seemed the easiest thing in the world, that Harry could not help envying the condition of his father's labourers, who when they are hungry, can sit at their ease under a hedge, and make a dinner, without plates, table-cloths, or compliments. In the mean time, his friend Tommy was received amid the circle of the ladies, and attended to as a prodigy of wit and ingenuity. Harry could not help being surprised at this: his affection for his friend was totally unmixed with the meanness of jealousy, and he received the sincerest pleasure from every improvement which Tommy had made; however, he had never discovered in him any of those surprising talents, and

when he could catch any thing that Tommy said, it appeared to him rather inferior to his usual method of conversation: however, as so many fine ladies were of a different opinion, he took it for granted that he must be mistaken. But if Harry's opinion of his friend's abilities was not much improved by this exhibition, it was not so with Tommy. The repeated assurances which he received that he was indeed a little prodigy, began to convince him that he really was so. When he considered the company he came from, he found that infinite injustice had been done to his merit; for at Mr. Barlow's he was frequently contradicted, and obliged to give a reason for what he said; but here, in order to be admired, he had nothing to do but talk; whether he had any meaning or not, his auditors always found either wit, or sense, or a most entertaining sprightliness, in all he said.

Meanwhile, the little gentry whose tastes and manners were totally different from those of Harry, had now imbibed a perfect

contempt for him, and it was with great difficulty that they would condescend to treat him even with common civility. In this laudable behaviour they were very much confirmed by Master Compton and Master Mash. Master Compton was reckoned a very genteel boy: though all his gentility consisted in his dress; in his slender figure, and a look of confidence very unpleasing in children. He had almost finished his education at a public school, where he had learned many of the vices and follies often acquired at such places. Master Mash was the son of a neighbouring gentleman, who had considerably impaired his fortune by an inordinate love of horse-racing. Having been from his infancy accustomed to no other conversation than about winning and losing money, he had acquired the idea, that to bet successfully was the summit of all human ambition. These two young gentlemen had conceived the most violent dislike to Harry, and lost no occasion of saying or doing every thing they had in their power to mortify him,

To Tommy they were in the contrary extreme, and omitted no opportunity of rendering themselves agreeable. Nor was it long before their forward vivacious manners, accompanied with a knowledge of many of those gay scenes which acted forcibly upon Tommy's imagination, began to render their conversation highly agreeable. They talked to him about public diversions, about celebrated actresses, about parties of pleasure, and parties of mischief. Tommy began to feel himself introduced to a new train of ideas, and a wider range of conduct; he began to long for the time when he should share in the glories of robbing orchards, or insulting passengers with impunity; but when he heard that little boys, scarcely bigger than himself, had often joined in the glorious project of forming open rebellions against their masters, or of disturbing a whole audience at a play-house, he panted for the time when he might have a chance of sharing in the fame of such achievements.

After tea, several of the young ladies were

desired to amuse the company with music and singing: among the rest, Miss Simmons sang a little Scotch song, called Lochabar, in so artless, but sweet and pathetic a manner, that little Harry listened almost with tears in his eyes, though several of the other young ladies, by their significant looks and gestures, treated it with ineffable contempt. After this Miss Matilda, who was allowed to be a perfect mistress of music, played and sung several celebrated Italian airs. But as they were in a language totally unintelligible to him, Harry received very little pleasure, though all the rest of the company were in raptures. She then proceeded to play several pieces of music, which were allowed by all connoisseurs to require infinite skill to execute. The audience seemed all delighted, and either felt or pretended to feel, inexpressible pleasure; even Tommy himself, though he did not know one note from another, had caught so much of the general enthusiasm, that he applauded as loud as the rest of the company; but Harry, whose

temper was not quite so pliable, could not conceal the intolerable weariness that overpowered his senses during this long exhibition. He gaped, he yawned, he stretched, he even pinched himself in order to keep his attention alive, but all in vain; the more Miss Matilda exercised her skill, in playing pieces of the most difficult execution, the more did Harry's propensity to drowsiness increase. At length, the lateness of the hour, which much exceeded Harry's time of going to bed, conspiring with the opiate charms of music, he could resist no longer, but insensibly fell back upon his chair fast asleep. This unfortunate accident was soon remarked by the rest of the company, and confirmed them very much in the opinion they had conceived of Harry's vulgarity: while he in the mean time, enjoyed the most placid slumber, which was not dissipated till Miss Matilda had desisted from playing.

Thus was the first day passed at Mr. Merton's; the next, and every succeeding one,

was only a repetition of the same scene; and during all this time, the only satisfaction which Harry received from his vist, was in the pleasure he derived from conversing with Miss Simmons. The affability and good sense of this young lady had entirely gained his confidence. While all the other young ladies were continually intent upon displaying their talents and importance, she alone was simple and unaffected. But what disgusted Harry more than ever was, that his refined companions seemed to consider themselves and a few of their acquaintance, as the only beings of any importance in the world. The most trifling inconvenience, the being a little too hot, a little too cold, the walking a few hundred yards, the waiting a few minutes for their dinner, the having a trifling cold or a little headache, were misfortunes so feelingly lamented, that he would have imagined they were the most tender of the human species, had he not observed that they considered the sufferings of all below them with the most profound indifference. If the mis-

fortunes of the poor were mentioned, he heard of nothing but the insolence and ingratitude of that class of people, which seemed to be a sufficient excuse for the want of common humanity. "Surely," said Harry to himself, "there cannot be so much difference between one human being and another; or if there is, I should think that part of them the most valuable which cultivates the ground and provides necessaries for all the rest: not those, who understand nothing but dress, walking with their toes out, staring modest people out of countenance, and jabbering a few words of a foreign language."

One morning the whole of the young gentlemen who were at Mr. Merton's, agreed to take a walk into the country; and Harry as usual accompanied them. While they were slowly walking along the common, they discovered at a distance a great crowd of people, who were all moving forward in the same direction. This attracted the curiosity of the little troop; and upon inquiry they found there was going to be a bull-baiting.

Instantly an eager desire seized upon all the little gentry to see the diversion. One obstacle alone presented itself, which was, that their parents, and particularly Mrs. Merton, had made them promise that they would avoid every species of danger. This objection was, however, removed by Master Lyddal; who observed that there could be no danger in the sight, as the bull was to be tied fast, and could therefore do them no harm. "Besides," added he, smiling, "what occasion have they to know that we have been at all? I hope we are not such simpletons as to accuse ourselves, or such tell-tales as to inform against one another." "No! no! no!" was the universal exclamation from all but Harry, who had remained silent upon the occasion. "Master Harry has not said a word," said one of the little folks; "sure he will not tell of us." "Indeed," said Harry, "I don't wish to tell of you; but if I am asked where we have been, how can I help telling?"— "What," answered Master Lyddal, "cannot you say that we have been walking along the

road, or across the common, without mentioning any further?" "No," said Harry, "that would not be speaking truth: besides, bull-baiting is a very cruel and dangerous diversion, and, therefore, none of us should go to see it; particularly Master Merton, whose mother loves him so much, and is so careful about him." This speech was not received with much approbation by those to whom it was addressed. "A pretty fellow," said one, "to give himself these airs, and pretend to be wiser than every one else!"—"What!" said Master Compton, "does this beggar's brat think he is to govern gentlemen's sons, because Master Merton is so good as to keep company with him?"—"If I were Master Merton," said a third, "I'd soon send the little impertinent jackanapes home to his own family." And Master Mash, who was the biggest and strongest boy in the whole company, came up to Harry, and grinning in his face, said, "So all the return that you make to Master Merton for his goodness to you, is to be a spy and an

informer is it?" Harry, who had long perceived and lamented the coolness of Master Merton towards him, was now much more grieved to see that his friend seemed to take an ill-natured pleasure in these insults, than at the insults themselves which were offered to him. However, as soon as the crowd of tormentors which surrounded him would give him leave to speak, he coolly answered that he was as little of a spy and informer as any of them; and as to begging, he thanked God he wanted as little of them as they did of him: "besides," added he, "were I even reduced so low as that, I should know better how to employ my time than to ask charity of any one here."

This sarcastic answer, and the reflections that were made upon it, had such an effect upon the too irritable temper of Master Merton, that in an instant, forgetting his former obligations and affection to Harry, he strutted up to him, and clenching his fist, asked him whether he meant to insult him? "Well done, Master Merton!" echoed through the

Tommy Merton and his companions ill-treating Harry.

whole society; "thrash him heartily for his impudence." — "No, Master Tommy," answered Harry, "it is you and your friends here that insult *me*." — "What!" answered Tommy, "are you a person of such consequence, that you must not be spoken to? you are a prodigious fine gentleman indeed!" "I always thought *you* one till now," answered Harry. "How, you rascal!" said Tommy, "do you say that I am not a gentleman? Take that!" and immediately he struck Harry upon the face with his fist. His fortitude was not proof against this treatment; he turned his face away, and only said in a low tone of voice, "Master Tommy, Master Tommy, I never should have thought it possible you could have treated me in this unworthy manner:" then covering his face with both his hands, he burst into an agony of crying.

But the little troop of gentlemen, who were vastly delighted with the mortification which Harry had received, and had formed a very indifferent opinion of his prowess,

from the patience which he had hitherto exerted, began to gather round, and repeat their persecutions. Coward and tell-tale echoed in a chorus through the circle; and some more forward than the rest seized hold of him by the hair, in order that he might hold up his head, and show his pretty face. But Harry, who now began to recollect himself, wiped his tears with his hands, and looking up, asked them with a firm tone of voice and a steady countenance why they meddled with him? then swinging round, he disengaged himself at once, from all who had taken hold of him. The greatest part of the company gave back at this question, and seemed disposed to leave him unmolested; but Master Mash, who was the most quarrelsome and impertinent boy present, advanced, and looking at Harry with a contemptuous sneer, said, "This is the way we always treat such little upstarts as you, and if you have not had enough to satisfy you, we will willingly give you some more." "As to all your nicknames and nonsense," answered

Harry, "I don't think it worth my while to resent them; but though I have suffered Master Merton to strike me, there's not another in the company shall do it; or if he chooses to try, he shall soon find whether or not I am a coward." Master Mash made no answer to this but by a slap on the face, which Harry returned by a punch of his fist, which had almost overset his antagonist, in spite of his superiority of size and strength. This unexpected check from a boy so much less than himself, might probably have cooled the courage of Mash, had he not been ashamed of yielding to one whom he had treated with so much unmerited contempt. Summoning, therefore, all his resolution, he flew at Harry like a fury: and as he had often been engaged in quarrels like this, he struck him with so much force, that with the first blow he aimed he felled him to the ground. Harry, foiled in this manner, but not dismayed, rose in an instant, and attacked his adversary with redoubled vigour, at the very moment when he thought himself sure

of the victory. A second time did Mash, after a short, but severe contest, close with his undaunted enemy, and, by dint of superior strength roughly hurl him to the ground. The little troop of spectators, who had mistaken Harry's patient fortitude for cowardice began now to entertain the sincerest respect for his courage, and gathered round the combatants in silence. A second time did Harry rise and attack his stronger adversary, with the cool intrepidity of a veteran combatant. The battle now began to grow more dreadful and more violent. Mash had superior strength and dexterity; his blows were aimed with equal skill and force; and each appeared sufficient to crush an enemy so much inferior in size, in strength, and in years: but Harry possessed a body hardened to support pain and hardship; a greater degree of activity; a cool unyielding courage, which nothing could disturb or daunt. Four times had he been now thrown down by the irresistible strength of his foe, four times had he risen stronger from his fall, covered with

dirt and blood, and panting with fatigue, but still unconquered. At length, from the duration of the combat, and his own violent exertions, the strength of Mash began to fail: enraged and disappointed at the obstinate resistance he had met with, he began to lose all command of his temper and strike at random; his breath grew short, his efforts were more laborious, and his knees seemed scarcely able to sustain his weight. But actuated by rage and shame, he rushed with all his might upon Harry, as if determined to crush him with one last effort. Harry prudently stepped back, and contented himself with parrying the blows that were aimed at him; till seeing that his antagonist was almost exhausted by his own impetuosity, he darted at him with all his force, and by one successful blow, levelled him with the ground.

An involuntary shout of triumph now burst from the little assembly of spectators: for such is the temper of human beings, that they are more inclined to consider supe-

riority of force than justice; and the very same boys who just before were loading Harry with taunts and outrages, were now ready to congratulate him upon his victory. He, however, when he found his antagonist no longer capable of resistance, kindly assisted him to rise, and told him he was very sorry for what had happened: but Mash, oppressed at once with the pain of his bruises and the disgrace of his defeat, observed an obstinate silence.

Just in this moment, their attention was engaged by a new and sudden spectacle. A bull of the largest size and greatest beauty was led across the plain, adorned with ribbons of various colours. The majestic animal suffered himself to be led along an unresisting prey, till he arrived at the spot which was destined for the theatre of his persecutions. Here he was fastened to an iron ring, which had been strongly let into the ground, and whose force they imagined would be sufficient to restrain him, even in the midst of his most violent exertions. A

crowd of men, women, and children, then surrounded the place, waiting with eager curiosity for the inhuman sport which they expected. The little party which had accompanied Master Merton were now no longer to be restrained; their friends, their parents, admonition, duty, promises, were all forgotten in an instant, and, solely intent upon gratifying their curiosity, they mingled with the surrounding multitude.

Harry, although reluctantly, followed them at a distance; neither the ill-usage he had received, nor the pains of his wounds, could make him unmindful of Master Merton, or careless of his safety. He knew too well the dreadful accidents which frequently attended these barbarous sports, to be able to quit his friend till he had once more seen him in a place of safety. And now the noble animal that was to be thus wantonly tormented, was fastened to the ring by a strongly twisted cord; which, though it confined and cramped his exertions, did not entirely restrain them.

Although possessed of almost irresistible strength, he seemed unwilling to exert it, and looked round upon the multitude of his enemies with a gentleness that ought to have disarmed their animosity. Presently, a dog of the largest size, and most ferocious courage, was let loose; who, as soon as he beheld the bull, uttered a savage yell, and rushed upon him with all the rage of inveterate animosity. The bull suffered him to approach with the coolness of deliberate courage; but just as the dog was springing up to seize him, he rushed forward to meet his foe, and putting his head to the ground, canted him into the air several yards; and had not the spectators run and caught him upon their backs and hands, he would have been crushed to pieces in the fall. The same fate attended another, and another dog, which were let loose successively; the one was killed upon the spot, while the other, which had a leg broken in the fall, crawled howling and limping away. The bull in the mean while behaved with all the calmness

and intrepidity of an experienced warrior; without violence, without passion, he waited every attack of his enemies, and then severely punished them for their rashness.

While this was transacting, to the diversion not only of the rude and illiterate populace, but to that of the little gentry with Master Merton, a poor half-naked black came up, and humbly implored their charity. He had served, he told them, on board of an English vessel, and even showed them the scars of several wounds he had received; but now he was discharged, and, without friends, without assistance, he could scarcely find food to support his wretched life, or clothes to cover him from the wintry wind. Some of the young gentry, who, from a bad education, had been little taught to feel or pity the distresses of others, were base enough to attempt to jest upon his dusky colour and foreign accent; but Master Merton, who, though lately much corrupted and changed from what he had been with Mr. Barlow, preserved a great degree of gene-

rosity, put his hand into his pocket in order to relieve him, but unfortunately found nothing to give; the foolish profusion which he had lately learned from the young gentlemen at his father's house, had made him waste in cards, in playthings, in trifles, all his stock of money; and he now found himself unable to relieve that distress which he pitied.

Thus repulsed on every side, and unassisted, the unfortunate black approached the place where Harry stood, holding out the tattered remains of his hat, and imploring charity. Harry had not much to give, but he took sixpence out of his pocket, which was all his riches, and gave it with the kindest look of compassion, saying, "Here, poor man, this is all I have; if I had more it should be at your service." He had no time to add more; for at that instant, three fierce dogs rushed upon the bull at once, and by their joint attacks rendered him almost mad. The calm, deliberate courage, which he had hitherto shown, was now changed to rage

The Bull-baiting.

and desperation; he roared with pain and fury; flashes of fire seemed to come from his angry eyes, and his mouth was covered with foam and blood. He hurried round the stake with incessant toil and rage, first aiming at one, then at another, of the persecuting dogs, that harassed him on every side, growling and baying incessantly, and biting him in every part. At length, with a furious effort that he made, he trampled one of his foes beneath his feet, and gored a second to that degree, that his bowels came through the wound; and at the same moment, the cord which had hitherto confined him, snapped asunder, and let him loose upon the affrighted multitude. It is impossible to conceive the terror and dismay which instantly seized the crowd of spectators. Those who before had been hallooing with joy, and encouraging the fury of the dogs with shouts and acclamations, were now scattered over the plain, and fled from the fury of the animal, which they had been so basely tormenting. The enraged bull, meanwhile, rushed like lightning over

the plain, trampling some, goring others, and taking ample vengeance for the injuries he had received. Presently, he rushed with headlong fury towards the spot where Master Merton and his associates stood; all fled with wild affright, but with speed that was not equal to that of the pursuer. Shrieks, and outcries, and lamentations, were heard on every side; and those who a few minutes before had despised the good advice of Harry, would now have given the world to be safe in the houses of their parents. Harry alone seemed to preserve his presence of mind; he neither cried out nor ran; but, when the dreadful animal approached, leaped nimbly aside, and the bull passed on without embarrassing himself about his escape. Not so fortunate was Master Merton; he happened to be the last of the little troop of flyers, and full in the way which the bull had taken. And now his destruction appeared certain; for as he ran, whether through fear or the inequality of the ground, his foot slipped, and down he tumbled, in

the very path of the enraged pursuing animal. All who saw him, imagined his fate inevitable; and it would certainly have proved so, had not Harry, with a courage and presence of mind above his years, suddenly seized a prong, which one of the fugitives had dropped, and at the very moment when the bull was stooping to gore his defenceless friend, advanced and wounded him in the flank. The bull, in an instant, turned short, and with redoubled rage made at his new assailant, and it is probable that, notwithstanding his intrepidity, Harry would have paid the price of his assistance to his friend with his own life, had not an unexpected succour arrived. In that instant the grateful black rushed on like lightning to assist him, and assailing the bull with a weighty stick which he held in his hand, compelled him to turn his rage upon a new object. The bull indeed attacked him with all the impetuosity of revenge, but the black jumped nimbly aside, and eluded his fury. Not contented with this, he wheeled round

his fierce antagonist, and, seizing him by the tail, began to batter his sides with an unexpected storm of blows. In vain did the enraged animal bellow and writhe himself about in all the convulsions of madness: his intrepid foe, without ever quitting his hold, suffered himself to be dragged about the field, still continuing his discipline, till the creature was almost spent with the fatigue of his own violent agitations. And now some of the boldest of the spectators, taking courage, approached to his assistance, and throwing a well twisted rope over his head, they at length, by dint of superior numbers, completely mastered the furious animal, and bound him to a tree. In the mean while, several of Mr. Merton's servants, who had been sent out after the young gentlemen, approached and took up their young master, who, though without a wound, was almost dead with fear and agitation. But Harry, after seeing that his friend was perfectly safe, and in the hands of his own family, invited the black to accompany him, and

instead of returning to Mr. Merton's, took the way which led to his father's house.

While these scenes were passing, Mrs. Merton, though ignorant of the danger of her son, was not undisturbed at home. Some accounts had been brought of Harry's combat, which served to make her uneasy, and to influence her still more against him. Mrs. Compton too, and Miss Matilda, who had conceived a violent dislike to Harry, were busy to inflame her by their malicious representations. While she was in these dispositions Mr. Merton happened to enter, and was at once attacked by all the ladies upon the subject of this improper connection. He endeavoured, for a long time, to remove their prejudices by reason, but when he found that to be impossible, he contented himself with telling his wife, that a little time would perhaps decide which were the most proper companions for their son; and that till Harry had done something to render himself unworthy of their notice, he never

would consent to the treating him with coldness or neglect.

At this moment a female servant burst into the room with all the wildness of affright, and cried out, with a voice that was scarcely articulate, "Oh! madam! madam! such an accident,—poor, dear master Tommy ——" "What of him for God's sake?" cried out Mrs. Merton, with an impatience and concern that sufficiently marked her feelings. "Nay, madam," answered the servant, "he is not much hurt they say; but little Sandford has taken him to a bull-baiting, and the bull has gored him, and William and John are bringing him home in their arms." These words were scarcely delivered, when Mrs. Merton uttered a violent shriek, and was instantly seized with an hysteric fit.

While the ladies were all employed in assisting her, and restoring her senses, Mr. Merton, who though much alarmed was more composed, walked precipitately out, to learn

the truth of this imperfect narration. He had not proceeded far, before he met the crowd of children and servants, one of whom carried Tommy Merton in his arms. As soon as he was convinced that his son had received no other damage than a violent fright, he began to inquire into the circumstances of the affair; but before he had time to receive any information, Mrs. Merton, who had recovered from her fainting, came running wildly from the house. When she saw that her son was safe, she caught him in her arms, and began to utter all the incoherent expressions of a mother's fondness. It was with difficulty that her husband could prevail upon her to moderate her transports till they were within. Then she gave a loose to her feelings in all their violence: and for a considerable time was incapable of attending to any thing but the joy of his miraculous preservation.

At length, however, she became more composed, and observing that all the company were present except Harry Sandford,

she exclaimed, with sudden indignation, "So, I see that little abominable wretch has not had the impudence to follow you in, and I almost wish that the bull had gored him, as he deserved." "What little wretch, mamma," said Tommy, "do you mean?" "Whom can I mean," cried Mrs. Merton, "but that vile Harry Sandford, whom your father is so fond of, and who had nearly cost you your life, by leading you into this danger?" "He, mamma!" said Tommy, "he lead me into danger! He did all he could to persuade me not to go; and I was a very naughty boy indeed, not to take his advice." Mrs. Merton stood amazed at this information; for her prejudices had operated so powerfully upon her mind, that she had implicitly believed the guilt of Harry upon the imperfect evidence of the maid. "Who was it then," said Mr. Merton, "that could be so imprudent?"—"Indeed, papa," answered Tommy, "we were all to blame; all but Harry, who advised and begged us not to go, and particularly me, because he said it

would give you so much uneasiness when you knew it, and that it was so dangerous a diversion."

Mrs. Merton looked confused at her mistake, but Mrs. Compton observed that she supposed Harry was afraid of the danger, and therefore had wisely kept out of the way. "Oh! no, indeed, madam," answered one of the little boys; "Harry is no coward, though we thought him so at first, when he let master Tommy strike him; but he fought Master Mash in the bravest manner I ever saw, and though Master Mash fought very well, yet Harry had the advantage; and I saw him follow us at a little distance, and keep his eye upon Master Merton all the time, till the bull broke loose; and then I was so frightened that I do not know what became of him." — "So, this is the little boy," said Mr. Merton, "that you were for driving from the society of your children! But let us hear more of the story, for as yet I know neither the particulars of his danger nor his escape." Upon this, one of the ser-

vants, who from some little distance had seen the whole affair, was called in and examined. He gave them an exact account of all; of Tommy's misfortune; of Harry's bravery; of the unexpected succour of the poor black; and filled the whole room with admiration that such an action, so noble, so intrepid, so fortunate, should have been achieved by such a child.

Mrs. Merton was now silent with shame at reflecting upon her own unjust prejudices, and the ease with which she had become the enemy of a boy who had saved the life of her darling son; and who appeared as much superior in character to all the young gentlemen at her house, as they exceeded him in rank and fortune. The young ladies now forgot their former objections to his person and manners; and such is the effect of genuine virtue, that all the company conspired to extol the conduct of Harry. But Mr. Merton, who had appeared more delighted than all the rest with the relation of Harry's intrepidity, now cast his eyes around the

room, and seemed to be looking for his little friend. But when he could not find him he said with some concern, "Where can be our little deliverer? Surely he can have met with no accident, that he has not returned with the rest!" — "No," said one of the servants, "as to that, Harry Sandford is safe enough, for I saw him go towards his own home, in company with the black."— "Alas!" answered Mr. Merton, "surely he must have received some unworthy treatment that could make him thus abruptly desert us all. And now I recollect that I heard one of the gentlemen mention a blow that Harry had received; surely, Tommy, you could not have been so basely ungrateful as to strike the best and noblest of your friends?" Tommy, at this, hung down his head; his face was covered with a burning blush, and the tears began silently to trickle down his cheeks. Mrs. Merton remarked the anguish and confusion of her child, and, catching him in her arms, was going to clasp him to her bosom with the most endearing expres-

sions; but Mr. Merton, hastily interrupting her, said, "It is not now a time to give way to fondness for a child, who, I fear, has acted the basest and vilest part that can disgrace a human being; and who, if what I suspect is true, can be only a disgrace to his parents." At this Tommy could no longer contain himself, but burst out into such a violent transport of crying, that Mrs. Merton, who seemed to feel the severity of Mr. Merton's conduct with still more poignancy than her son, caught her darling up in her arms, and carried him abruptly out of the room, accompanied by most of the ladies, who pitied Tommy's abasement, and agreed that there was no crime he could have been guilty of, which was not amply atoned for by such a charming sensibility.

But Mr. Merton, who now felt all the painful interest of a tender father, and considered this as the critical moment which was to give his son the impression of worth or baseness for life, was determined to examine the affair to the utmost. He therefore took

the first opportunity of drawing the little boy aside who had mentioned Master Merton's striking Harry, and questioned him upon the subject. But he, who had no particular interest in disguising the truth, related the circumstances nearly as they had happened; and, though he a little softened matters in Tommy's favour, yet, without intending it, he held up such a picture of his violence, and injustice, as wounded his father to the soul.

While Mr. Merton was occupied by these uneasy feelings, he was agreeably surprised by a visit from Mr. Barlow, who came accidentally to see him, with a perfect ignorance of all the great events which had so recently happened. Mr. Merton received this worthy man with the sincerest cordiality; but there was such a gloom diffused over all his manners, that Mr. Barlow began to suspect that all was not right with Tommy, and therefore purposely inquired after him, to give his father an opportunity of speaking. This Mr. Merton did not fail to do; and taking

Mr. Barlow affectionately by the hand, he said, "Oh! my dear sir, I begin to fear, that all my hopes are at an end in that boy, and all your kind endeavours thrown away. He has just behaved in such a manner as shows him to be radically corrupted, and insensible of every principle but pride." He then related to Mr. Barlow every incident of Tommy's behaviour, making the severest reflections upon his insolence and ingratitude, and blaming his own supineness which had not earlier checked these boisterous passions, that now burst forth with such a degree of fury, and threatened to ruin his hopes. "Indeed," answered Mr. Barlow, "I am very sorry to hear this account of my little friend; yet I do not see it quite in so serious a light as yourself: and, though I cannot deny the dangers that may arise from a character so susceptible of false impressions, and so violent at the same time, yet I do not think the corruption either so great or so general as you seem to suspect. Do we not see, even in the most trifling habits of body or speech,

that long and continued attention is required, if we would wish to change them; and yet our perseverance is in the end generally successful? Why then should we imagine that those of the mind are less obstinate or subject to different laws? Or why should we rashly abandon ourselves to despair, from the first experiments that do not succeed according to our wishes?"

"Indeed," answered Mr. Merton, "what you say is perfectly consistent with the general benevolence of your character and most consolatory to the tenderness of a father. Yet I know too well the general weakness of parents in respect to the faults of their children, not to be upon my guard against the delusions of my own mind. And when I consider the abrupt transition of my son into every thing that is most inconsistent with goodness; how lightly, how instantaneously he seems to have forgotten every thing he had learned with you, I cannot help forming the most painful and melancholy presages of the future."

"Alas! sir," answered Mr. Barlow, "what is the general malady of human nature, but this very instability which now appears in your son?"

"Indeed," replied Mr. Merton, "what you say is highly reasonable: nor did I ever expect that a boy so long indulged and spoiled should be exempt from failings. But what particularly hurts me is, to see him proceed to such disagreeable extremities, without any adequate temptation; extremities that I fear imply a defect of goodness and generosity, virtues which I always thought he had possessed in a very great degree."

"Neither," answered Mr. Barlow, "am I at all convinced that your son is deficient in either. But you are to consider the prevalence of example, and the circle to which you have lately introduced him. If it is so difficult even for persons of a more mature age and experience to resist the impressions of those with whom they associate, how can you expect it from your son? To be armed

against the prejudices of the world, and to distinguish real merit from the splendid vices which pass current in what is called society, is one of the most difficult of human sciences. Nor do I know a single character, however excellent, that would not candidly confess he has often made a wrong election, and paid that homage to a brilliant outside, which is only due to real merit."

This conversation being finished, Mr. Merton introduced Mr. Barlow to the company in the other room. Mrs. Merton, who now began to be a little staggered in some of the opinions she had been most fond of, received him with uncommon civility, and all the rest of the company treated him with the greatest respect. But Tommy, who had lately been the oracle and the admiration of all this brilliant circle, appeared to have lost all his vivacity. He indeed advanced to meet Mr. Barlow with a look of tenderness and gratitude, and made the most respectful answers to all his inquiries; but his eyes were involuntarily turned to the ground, and

silent melancholy and dejection were visible in his face. Mr. Barlow remarked, with the greatest pleasure, these signs of humility and contrition, and pointed them out to Mr. Merton, the first time he had an opportunity of speaking to him without being overheard; adding, that, unless he was much deceived, Tommy would soon give ample proofs of the natural goodness of his character, and reconcile himself to all his friends. Mr. Merton heard this observation with the greatest pleasure, and now began to entertain some hopes of seeing it accomplished.

After the dinner was over, most of the young gentlemen went away to their respective homes. Tommy seemed to have lost much of the enthusiasm which he had lately felt for his polite and accomplished friends; he even appeared to feel a secret joy at their departure, and answered with a visible coldness, all their professions of regard and repeated invitations.

The next morning, when Tommy made his appearance in the breakfast-room, he was

beheld by the company assembled there with the greatest astonishment. He had combed the powder out of his hair, and demolished the elegance of his curls: he had divested his dress of every appearance of finery, and even his massy and ponderous buckles, so long the delight of his heart, and the wonder of his female friends, were taken from his shoes, and replaced by a pair of the plainest form and appearance. In this habiliment, he appeared so totally changed from what he was, that even his mother, who had lately become a little sparing of her observations, could not help exclaiming, "What, in the name of wonder, has the boy been doing now? Why, Tommy, I protest you have made yourself a perfect fright, and you look more like a ploughboy than a young gentleman!"

"Ma'am," answered Tommy gravely, "I am now only what I ought always to have been. Had I been contented with this dress before, I never should have imitated such a parcel of coxcombs as you have lately had

at your house; nor pretented to admire Miss Matilda's music, which, I own, tired me as much as Harry, and had almost set me asleep, and, what is worst of all, should have avoided all my shameful behaviour to Harry at the bull-baiting. But from this time, I shall apply myself to the study of nothing but reason and philosophy; and therefore I have bid adieu to dress and finery for ever."

It is needless to say, that Mr. Merton and Mr. Barlow were highly pleased at this behaviour of Tommy's, as it plainly showed that a great impression had been made upon his mind by the different conduct of his *real* and *false* friends. "At least," said Mr. Barlow, when conversing with Mr. Merton on the subject, "you have the greatest reason to rejoice at the present conduct of your son."

And now the company being separated, Tommy took an opportunity of following Mr. Barlow, who was walking out: and when he perceived they were alone, he looked at him as if he had some weighty matter to disclose,

but was unable to give it utterance. Mr. Barlow, therefore, turned towards him with the greatest kindness, and taking him tenderly by the hand, inquired what he wished. "Indeed, sir," answered Tommy, almost crying, "I am scarcely able to tell you. But I have been a very bad and ungrateful boy, and I am afraid you no longer have the same affection for me."

"*Bad and ungrateful!*" exclaimed Mr. Barlow; "indeed, my little friend, you frighten me. Is it possible that you can have committed actions that deserve so harsh a name?"

"O yes, sir," said Tommy, "I have been *very bad indeed!* I have behaved very shockingly to Harry, and I am afraid that he'll never be friends with me again."

"Well," replied Mr. Barlow, "but as you have got so many *new friends* lately, you surely won't care much for losing Harry; particularly as he is not what you call a *gentleman!*"

TOMMY. Oh, sir! I did not think you

could be so cruel. I love Harry Sandford better than any other boy in the world, and I shall never be happy till he forgives me all my bad behaviour, and converses with me again as he used to do.

Mr. Barlow. But then, perhaps, you may lose the acquaintance of all those polite young gentlemen and ladies.

Tommy. I care very little about that, sir. But I fear I have behaved so ill, that he will never be able to forgive me, and love me as he did formerly.

Tommy then went on and repeated with great exactness the story of his insolence and ingratitude, which had so great an effect upon him, that he burst into tears, and cried a considerable time. He then concluded with asking Mr. Barlow if he thought Harry would be ever able to forgive him.

Mr. Barlow. I cannot conceal from you, my little friend, that you have acted very ill indeed in this affair. However, if you are really ashamed of all your past conduct, and determined to act better, I do not doubt that

so generous and good-natured a boy as Harry is will forgive you all.

TOMMY. Oh, sir, I should be the happiest creature in the world. Will you be so kind as to bring him here to-day? and you shall see how I will behave.

Mr. BARLOW. Softly, Tommy, softly. What is Harry to come here for? Have you not insulted and abused him without reason; and at last proceeded so far as to strike him, only because he was giving you the best advice, and endeavoured to preserve you from danger? Can you imagine that any human being will come to you in return for such treatment? or at least till you have convinced him that you are ashamed of your passion and injustice, and that he may expect better usage for the future.

TOMMY. What then must I do, sir?

Mr. BARLOW. If you want any future connexion with Harry Sandford, it is your business to go to him and tell him so.

TOMMY. What, sir, go to a farmer's, to expose myself before all his family?

Mr. Barlow. Just now you told me you were ready to do every thing, and yet you cannot take the trouble of visiting your friend at his own house. You imagine then that a person does not expose himself by acting wrong, but by acknowledging and amending his faults!

Tommy. But what would every body say, if a young gentleman like me were to go and beg pardon of a farmer's son?

Mr. Barlow. They will probably say, that you have more sense and gratitude than they expected. However, you are to act as you please; with the sentiments you still seem to entertain, Harry will certainly be a very unfit companion, and you will do much better to cultivate the new acquaintance you have made.

Mr. Barlow was then going away, but Tommy burst again into tears, and begged him not to go; upon which Mr. Barlow said, "I do not want to leave you, Tommy, but our conversation is now at an end. You have asked my advice, which I have given

you freely. I have told you how you ought to act, if you would preserve the esteem of any good or sensible friend, or prevail upon Harry to excuse your past behaviour. But as you do not approve of what I suggested, you must follow your own opinions."

"Pray, sir, pray, sir," said Tommy, sobbing, "do not go. I have used Harry Sandford in the most barbarous manner; my father is angry with me; and if you desert me, I shall have no friend left in the world."

Mr. Barlow. That will be your own fault, and therefore you will not deserve to be pitied. Is it not in your own power to preserve all your friends by an honest confession of your faults? Your father will be pleased, Harry Sandford will heartily forgive you, and I shall retain the same good opinion of your character which I have long had.

Tommy. Oh, sir!—I will go directly, and entreat Harry to forgive me; I am convinced that all you say is right.—But will you not go with me? Do, pray, sir, be so good—

Mr. Barlow. Gently, gently, my good friend; you are always for doing every thing in an instant. I am very glad you have taken a resolution which will do you so much credit, and give so much satisfaction to your own mind: but before you execute it, I think it will be necessary to speak to your father and mother upon the subject, and in the mean time, I will go and pay a visit to Farmer Sandford, and bring you an account of Harry.

Tommy. Do, sir, be so good; and tell Harry, if you please, that there is nothing I desire so much as to see him; and that nothing shall ever make me behave ill again. I have heard too, sir, that there was a poor black, who came begging to us, who saved Harry from the bull; if I could but find him out, I would be kind to him as long as I live.

Mr. Barlow commended Tommy very much for dispositions so full of gratitude and goodness; and taking leave of him, went to communicate the conversation he had just

had to Mr. Merton. That gentleman felt the sincerest pleasure at the account, and entreated Mr. Barlow to go directly to prepare Harry to receive his son. "That little boy," added he, "has a noble mind; nor shall I ever be happy till I see my son acknowledging all his faults, and entreating forgiveness; for, with the virtues that I have discovered in his soul, he appears to me a more eligible friend and companion than noblemen and princes."

Mr. Barlow, therefore, set out on foot, though Mr. Merton would have sent his carriage and servants to attend him, and soon arrived at Mr. Sandford's farm. It was a pleasant spot, situated upon the gentle declivity of a hill, at the foot of which wound along a swift and clear little stream. The house itself was small, but warm and convenient, furnished with the greatest simplicity, but managed with perfect neatness. As Mr. Barlow approached, he saw the owner himself guiding a plough through one of his own fields, and Harry, who had now resumed the

farmer, directing the horses. But when he saw Mr. Barlow coming across the field, he stopped his team, and letting fall his whip, sprang forward to meet him, with all the unaffected eagerness of joy. As soon as Harry had saluted Mr. Barlow, and inquired after his health, he asked him with the greatest kindness after Tommy; for I fancy, sir, (said he,) by the way which I see you come, you have been at Mr. Merton's house.—"Indeed I have," replied Mr. Barlow; "and I am very sorry to find that Tommy and you are not upon as good terms as you formerly were. But why, Harry, (continued he,) did you leave Mr. Merton's family so abruptly, without speaking to any body, or thanking Mr. Merton himself for the civilities he had shown you? Was that right?"

HARRY. Oh, dear sir, I have cried about it several times, for I think I must appear very rude and ungrateful to Mr. Merton. But as to Master Tommy, I did not leave him, while I thought I could be of any use. He treated me, I must say, in a very unwor-

thy manner; he joined with all the other fine little gentlemen in abusing me, only because I endeavoured to persuade them not to go to a bull-baiting; and then at last he struck me. I did not strike him again, because I loved him so much, in spite of all his unkindness; nor did I leave him till I saw he was quite safe in the hands of his own servants. And then, how could I go back to his house, after what he had done to me? I did not choose to complain of him to Mr. Merton; and how could I behave to him as I had done before, without being guilty of meanness and falsehood? And therefore I thought it better to go home, and desire you to speak to Mr. Merton, and entreat him to forgive my rudeness.

Mr. Barlow. Well, Harry, I can inform you that Mr. Merton is perfectly satisfied upon that account. But there is one circumstance you have not yet mentioned, my little friend, and that is your saving Tommy's life from the fury of the enraged bull.

HARRY. As to that, sir, I hope I should have done the same for any human creature. But I believe that neither of us would have escaped, if it had not been for the poor courageous black, who came to our assistance.

Mr. BARLOW. I see, Harry, that you are a boy of a noble and generous spirit, and I highly approve of every thing you have done; but are you determined to forsake Tommy Merton for ever, because he has once behaved ill?

HARRY. I, sir, no I am sure. But though I am poor, I do not desire the acquaintance of any body who despises me. Let him keep company with his gentlemen and ladies, I am satisfied with companions in my own station. But surely, sir, it is not I that forsake him, but he that has cast me off.

Mr. BARLOW. But if he is sorry for what he has done, and only desires to acknowledge his faults, and obtain your pardon?

HARRY. Oh, dear sir! I should forget every thing in an instant. I knew Master

Tommy was always a little passionate and headstrong: but he is at the same time generous and good-natured; nor would he, I am sure, have treated me so ill, if he had not been encouraged to it by the other young gentlemen.

Mr. Barlow. Well, Harry, I believe your friend is thoroughly sensible of his faults, and that you will have little to fear for the future. He is impatient till he sees you, and asks your forgiveness.

Harry. Oh, sir, I should forgive him if he had beaten me a hundred times. But, though I cannot leave the horses now, if you will be so kind as to wait a little, I dare say my father will let me go when he leaves off ploughing.

Mr. Barlow. No, Harry, there is no occasion for that. Tommy has indeed used you ill, and ought to acknowledge it; otherwise he will not deserve to be trusted again. He will call upon you, and tell you all he feels upon the occasion. In the mean time I was desired, both by him and Mr. Merton,

to inquire after the poor negro who served you so materially, and saved you from the bull.

HARRY. He is at our house, sir; for I invited him home with me; and when my father heard how well he had behaved, he made him up a little bed over the stable, and gives him victuals every day; and the poor man seems very thankful and industrious, and says he would gladly do any kind of work to earn his subsistence.

Mr. Barlow then took his leave of Harry, and after having spoken to his father, returned to Mr. Merton.

The next morning, early, Tommy arose, and dressed himself with his newly-adopted simplicity; and, as soon as breakfast was over, entreated Mr. Barlow to accompany him to Harry Sandford's. As they approached the house, the first object which Tommy distinguished was his little friend at some distance, who was driving his father's sheep along the common. At this sight, his impetuosity could no longer be restrained,

and, springing forward with all his speed, he arrived in an instant, panting and out of breath, and incapable of speaking. Harry who knew his friend, and plainly perceived the dispositions with which he approached, met him with open arms: so that their reconciliation was begun and completed in a moment; and Mr. Barlow had the pleasure of seeing his little pupils giving and receiving every unaffected mark of the warmest affection.

"Harry," said Mr. Barlow, "I bring you a little friend, who is sincerely penitent for his offences, and comes to own the faults he has committed."—"That I am, indeed," said Tommy, a little recovered, and able to speak. "But I have behaved so ill, and have been such an ungrateful fellow, that I am afraid Harry will never be able to forgive me."

"Indeed, indeed," said Harry, "there you do me the greatest injustice; for I have already forgotten every thing but your former kindness and affection." "And I,"

answered Tommy, "will never forget how ill, how ungratefully I have used you, nor the goodness with which you now receive me."

Harry then taking him by the hand, led him into the house, where he was most cordially welcomed by his family. In a corner of the chimney sat the honest black, who had performed so signal a service at the bull-baiting. "Alas!" said Tommy, "there is another instance of my negligence and ingratitude. I now see that one fault brings on another without end." Then advancing to the black, he took him kindly by the hand, and thanked him for the preservation of his life.—"Little master," replied he, "you are extremely welcome to all I have done. I would at any time risk my own safety to preserve one of my fellow-creatures; and, if I have been of any use, I have been amply repaid by the kindness of this little boy, your friend, and his worthy family."

"That is not enough," said Tommy, "and you shall soon find what it is to oblige a per-

son like———(here a stroke of presumption was just coming out of Tommy's mouth, but recollecting himself, he added) a person like my father."

And now he addressed himself to Harry's mother, a respectable woman, of a middle age, and his two sisters, plain, modest, healthy-looking girls, a little older than their brother. All these he treated with so much cordiality and attention, that all the company were delighted with him; so easy is it for those who possess rank and fortune to gain the good-will of their fellow-creatures; and so inexcusable is that surly pride which renders many of them deservedly odious.

As the evening now began to advance, Mr. Barlow requested him to return. But Tommy, instead of complying, took him by the hand, thanked him for all his kindness and attention, but declared his resolution of staying some time with his friend Harry. "The more I consider my own behaviour," said he, "the more I feel myself ashamed

of my folly and ingratitude. But you have taught me, my dear sir, that all I have in my power is to acknowledge them, which I most willingly do before all this good family, and entreat Harry to think that the impressions I now feel are such as I shall never forget." Harry embraced his friend, and assured him once more of his being perfectly reconciled; and all the family stood mute with admiration at the condescension of the young gentleman, who was not ashamed of acknowledging his faults even to his inferiors.

Mr. Barlow approved of Tommy's design, and took upon him to answer for the consent of Mr. Merton to his staying some time with Harry; then taking his leave of them all, he departed.

But Tommy now began to enter upon a course of life which was very little consistent with his former habits. He supped with great cheerfulness, and even found himself [illegible] with the rustic fare which was set [illegible], accompanied as it was with unfeigned civility, and a hearty welcome. He

went to bed early, and slept very sound all night; however, when Harry came to call him the next morning at five, as he had made him promise to do, he found a considerable difficulty in arousing himself at the summons. Conscious pride, however, and the newly acquired dignity of his character, supported him; he recollected that he should disgrace himself in the eyes of his father, of Mr. Barlow, and of all the family, with which he now was, if he appeared incapable of acting up to his own declarations: he therefore made a noble effort, leaped out of bed, dressed himself, and followed Harry. Not contented with this, he accompanied him in all his rustic employments, and, as no kind of country exercise was entirely new to him since his residence with Mr. Barlow, he acquitted himself with a degree of dexterity which gained him new commendations.

Thus did he pass the first day of his visit, with some little difficulty indeed, but without deviating from his resolution. The second he found his change of life much more

tolerable: and in a very little space of time, he was almost reconciled to his new situation. The additional exercise he used improved his health and strength, and added so considerably to his appetite, that he began to think the table of farmer Sandford exceeded all that he had ever tried before.

By thus practising the common useful occupations of life, he began to feel a more tender interest in the concerns of his fellow-creatures. He now found, from his own experience, that Mr. Barlow had not deceived him in the various representations he had made of the utility of the lower classes, and consequently of the humanity which is due to them when they discharge their duty. Nor did that gentleman abandon his little friend in this important trial. He visited him frequently, pointed out every thing that was curious or interesting about the farm, and encouraged him to persevere by his praises. "You are now," said Mr. Barlow one day, "beginning to practise those virtues which have rendered the great men of other

times so justly famous. It is not by sloth nor finery, nor the mean indulgence of our appetites, that greatness of character, or even reputation is to be acquired. He that would excel others in virtue or knowledge, must first excel them in temperance and application. You cannot imagine that men fit to command an army, or to give laws to a state, were formed by an idle and effeminate education. When the Roman people, oppressed by their enemies, were looking out for a leader able to defend them, and change the fortune of the war, where did they seek for this extraordinary man? It was neither at banquets, nor in splendid palaces, nor amid the gay, the elegant, nor the dissipated; they turned their steps towards a poor and solitary cottage, such as the meanest of your late companions would consider with contempt; there they found Cincinnatus, whose virtues and abilities were allowed to excel all the rest of his citizens, turning up the soil with a pair of oxen, and holding the plough himself. This great man had been

inured to arms and the management of public affairs, even from his infancy; he had repeatedly led the Roman legions to victory; yet in the hour of peace, or when his country did not require his services, he deemed no employment more honourable than to labour for his own subsistence.

"What would all your late friends have said, to see the greatest men in England, and the bravest officers of the army, crowding round the house of one of those obscure farmers you have been accustomed to despise, and entreating him in the most respectful language to leave his fields, and accept of the highest dignity in the government or the army? Yet this was actually the state of things at Rome; and it was characters like these, with all the train of severe and rugged virtues, that elevated that people above all the other nations of the world. And tell me, my little friend, since chance, not merit, too frequently allots the situation in which men are to act, had you rather, in a high station, appear to all mankind unworthy of the ad-

vantages you enjoy, or, in a low one, seem equal to the most exalted employments by your virtues and abilities?"

Such were the conversations which Mr. Barlow frequently held with Tommy, and which never failed to inspire him with new resolution to persevere. Nor could he help being frequently affected by the comparison of Harry's behaviour with his own. No cloud seemed ever to shade the features of his friend, or alter the uniform sweetness of his temper. Even the repeated provocations he had received were either totally obliterated, or had made no disagreeable impressions. After discharging the necessary duties of the day, he gave up the rest of his time to the amusement of Tommy, with so much zeal and affection, that he could not avoid loving him a thousand times better than before.

One day, Tommy was surprised by an unexpected visit from his father, who met him with open arms, and told him that he was now come to take him back to his own house. "I have heard," said he, "such an account

of your present behaviour, that the past is entirely forgotten, and I begin to glory in owning you for a son." He then embraced him with the transports of an affectionate father who indulges the strongest sentiments of his heart, but sentiments he had long been forced to restrain. Tommy returned his caresses with genuine warmth, but with a degree of respect and humility he had once been little accustomed to use. "I will accompany you home, papa," said he, "with the greatest readiness, for I wish to see my mother, and hope to give her some satisfaction by my future behaviour. You have had too much to complain of in the past; and I am unworthy of such affectionate parents." He then turned his face aside, and shed a tear of real virtue and gratitude.

"But," added he, "I hope you will not object to my detaining you a little longer, while I return my acknowledgments to all the family, and take my leave of Harry."—"Surely," said Mr. Merton, "you can entertain no doubt upon that subject: and to

give you every opportunity of discharging all your duties to a family, to which you owe so much, I intend to take a dinner with Mr. Sandford, whom I now see coming home, and then return with you in the evening."

At this instant, Farmer Sandford approached, and very respectfully saluting Mr. Merton, invited him to walk in. But Mr. Merton, after returning his civility, drew him aside, as if he had some private business to communicate.—When they were alone, he made him every acknowledgment that gratitude could suggest;—"but words," added Mr. Merton, "are very insufficient to return the favours I have received; for it is to your excellent family, together with the virtuous Mr. Barlow, that I owe the preservation of my son. Let me, therefore, entreat you to accept of what this pocket-book contains, as a slight proof of my sentiments, and lay it out in whatever manner you please, for the advantage of your family."

Mr. Sandford, who was a man both of sense and honour, took the book, and, ex-

amining the inside, found that it contained bank-notes to the amount of some hundred pounds. He then carefully shut it up again, and, returning it to Mr. Merton, told him that he was infinitely obliged to him for the generosity which prompted him to such a princely act; but, as to the present itself, he must not be offended if he declined it. Mr. Merton, still more astonished at such disinterestedness, pressed him with every argument he could think of; he desired him to consider the state of his family; his daughters unprovided for; his son himself, with dispositions that might adorn a throne, brought up to labour; and his own advancing age, which demanded ease and respite, and an increase of the conveniences of life.

"Thank you, again and again," replied the farmer; "but the whole generation of the Sandfords have been brought up to labour with their own hands for these hundred years; and during all that time, there has not been a dishonest person, a gentleman, or a madman amongst us. And shall I be the

first to break the customs of the family, and perhaps bring down a curse on all our heads? What could I have more, if I were a lord? I have plenty of victuals and work, good firing, clothes, warm house, a little for the poor, and, between you and I, something perhaps, in a corner, to set my children off with, if they behave well. Ah! neighbour, neighbour, if you did but know the pleasure of holding plough after a good team of horses, and then going tired to bed, perhaps you'd wish to have been brought up a farmer too. But, in one word, as well as a thousand, I shall never forget the extraordinary kindness of your offer; but, if you would not ruin a whole family of innocent people that love you, even consent to leave us as we are."

Mr. Merton then seeing the fixed determination of the farmer, and feeling the justice of his coarse but strong morality, was obliged, however reluctantly, to desist; and Mrs. Sandford coming to invite them to

dinner, he entered the house, and paid his respects to the family.

After the cloth was removed, and Mr. Sandford had twice or thrice replenished his silver mug, the only piece of finery in his house, little Harry came running in, with great alacrity, crying, "Father, father, here is the prettiest team of horses all matched and of a colour, with new harness, the most complete I ever saw in my life; and they have stopped at our back-door, and the man says they are brought for you." Farmer Sandford was just then in the middle of the history of the ploughing match at Axminster; but the relation of his son had such an involuntary effect upon him, that he started up, overset the liquor and the table, and making a hasty apology to Mr. Merton, ran out to see these wonderful horses.

Presently he returned, in equal admiration with his son. "Mr. Merton," said he, "I did not think you had been so good a judge of a horse. I suppose they are a new

purchase, which you want to have my opinion upon; and, I can assure you, they are the true Suffolk sorrel, the first breed of working horses in the kingdom? and these are some of the best of their kind."

"Such as they are," answered Mr. Merton, "they are yours; and I cannot think, after the obligations I am under to your family, that you will do me so great a displeasure as to refuse to accept of them."

Mr. Sandford stood for some time in mute astonishment; but, at length, he was beginning the civilest speech he could think of to refuse so great a present, when Tommy coming up, took him by the hand, and begged him not to deny to his father and himself the first favour they had ever asked "Besides," said he, "this present is less to yourself than to Harry; and, surely, after having lived so long in your family, you will not turn me out with disgrace, as if I had misbehaved."

Here Harry himself interposed, and, considering less the value of the present, than

the feelings and intentions of the giver, he took his father by the hand, and besought him to oblige Master Merton and his father. "Were it any one else, I would not say a word," added he; "but I know the generosity of Mr. Merton, and the goodness of Master Tommy so well, that they will receive more pleasure from giving, than you from taking the horses: though I must confess they are such as would do credit to any body; and they beat farmer Knowles's all to nothing, which have long been reckoned the best team in all the country."

This last reflection, joined with all that had preceded, overcame the delicacy of Mr. Sandford; and he at length consented to order the horses to be led into his stables. And now Mr. Merton, having made the most affectionate acknowledgments to all this worthy and happy family, among whom he did not forget the honest black, whom he promised to provide for, summoned his son to accompany him home. Tommy arose, and with the sincerest gratitude, bade adieu to

Harry and all the rest. "I shall not be long without you," said he to Harry; "to your example I owe most of the little good that I can boast: you have taught me how much better it is to be useful than rich, or fine; how much more amiable to be good than to be great. Should I be ever tempted to relapse into any of my former habits, I will return hither for instruction; and hope you will again receive me." Saying this, he shook his friend Harry affectionately by the hand, and with tearful eyes, accompanied his father home.

THE END.

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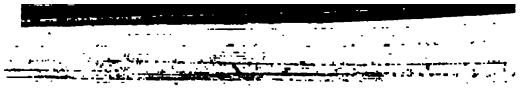

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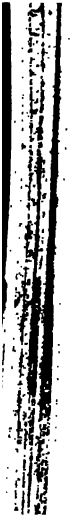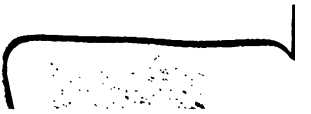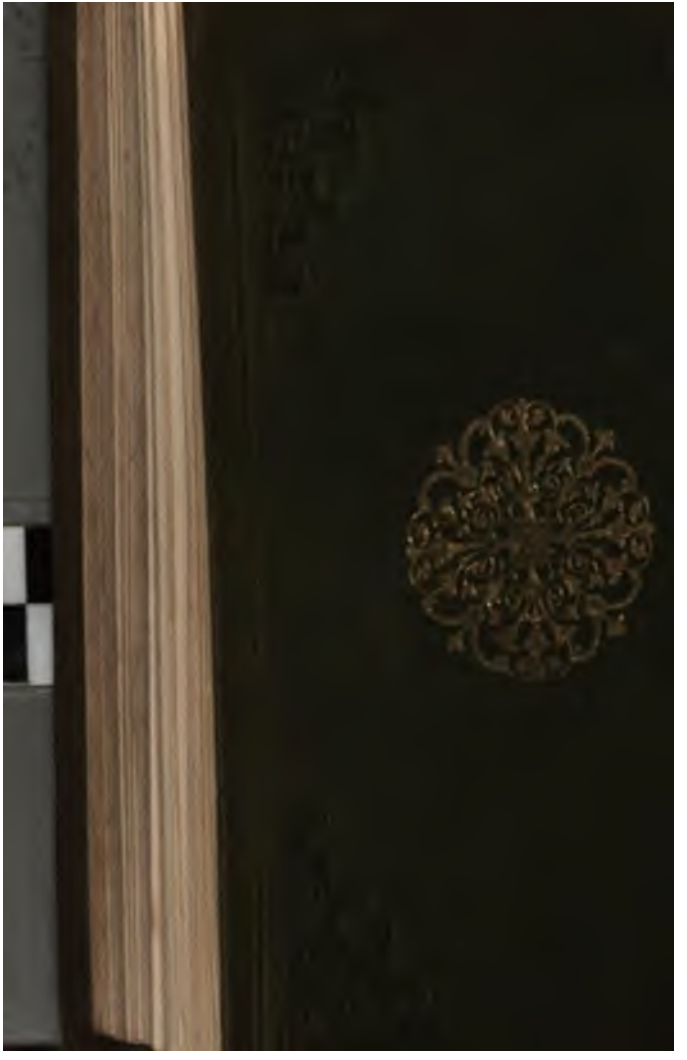
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